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THE

Pawtucket Collection



OF

CONFERENCE HYMNS.

BY DAVID BENEDICT, A. M.

Pastor of the Baptist Church in Pawtucket, R. I.

Teach and admonish one another in Psalms, and
Hymns, and spiritual Songs. PAUL.

THIRD EDITION.

BOSTON :

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RHODE-ISLAND DISTRICT.

BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the third day of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventeen, David Benedict of North-Providence in the County of Providence, in said District of Rhode-Island, deposited in this Office, the title of a Book, the right whereof he claims as Proprietor, in the words following, viz.

“The PAWTUCKET COLLECTION of CONFERENCE HYMNS. By David Benedict, A. M. Pastor of the Baptist Church in Pawtucket, R. I.”

“Teach and admonish one another in Psalms, and Hymns and Spiritual Songs. . . . PAUL.”

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N. R. KNIGHT, *Clerk of R. I. District.*

PREFACE.

THIS little volume was at first prepared and published under the patronage, and for the immediate use of the Baptist Church and Congregation in this place. It is not pretended to be throughout, a selection of the most finished pieces of poetical composition ; this object, in many respects desirable, could not well be effected, as the design of the publication limited the Compiler to such hymns as were in use among us.

As two Editions have been sold in a short time, and an encouraging demand still continues, this Third Edition is presented to the Churches, and the singers in Israel, with the sincere desire, that it may assist them to sing with the spirit, and with the understanding also ; and to make melody in their hearts to the Lord.

DAVID BENEDICT.

Pawtucket, April, 1819.



CONFERENCE HYMNS.

HYMN I.

The new Convert.

- 1 O HOW happy are they
Who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasure above !
Tongue can never express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love !
- 2 That sweet comfort was mine,
When the favour divine
I first found in the blood of the Lamb ;
When my heart it believ'd,
What true joy I receiv'd,
What a heaven in Jesus's name !
- 3 'Twas a heaven below,
My Redeemer to know ;
And the angels could do nothing more
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.
- 4 Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song ;
O that all his salvation might see !
He hath lov'd me, I cry'd,
He hath suffer'd and died,
To redeem such a rebel as me.

- 5 On the wings of his love,
 I was carry'd above
 All my sin, and temptation, and pain ;
 And I could not believe
 That I ever should grieve,
 That I ever should suffer again.
- 6 I then rode on the sky,
 Freely justify'd I,
 Nor did envy Elijah his seat ;
 My glad soul mounted higher
 In a chariot of fire,
 And the world was quite under my feet.
- 7 O ! the rapturous height
 Of that holy delight,
 Which I felt in the life-giving blood !
 Of my Saviour possess,
 I was perfectly blest,
 As if fill'd with the fulness of God.

HYMN 2.

Longing for heaven.

- 1 O WHEN shall I see Jesus,
 And reign with him above ;
 And from that flowing fountain
 Drink everlasting love ?
 When shall I be deliver'd
 From this vain world of sin,
 And with my blessed Jesus
 Drink endless pleasures in ?
- 2 But now I am a soldier,
 My Captain's gone before,
 He's given me my orders,
 And bid me not give o'er !
 His faithful word has promis'd
 A righteous crown to give,

And all his valiant soldiers
Eternal life shall have.

3 Through grace, I am determin'd
To conquer, though I die,
And then away to Jesus,
On wings of love, I'll fly.
Farewell to sin and sorrow,
I bid you all adieu ;
And O, my friends, prove faithful,
And on your way pursue.

4 And if you meet with troubles
And trials on your way,
Then cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray.
Gird on the heav'nly armour
Of faith, and hope, and love,
Then, when the combat's ended,
He'll carry you above.

5 O do not be discourag'd,
For Jesus is your friend ;
And if you want more knowledge,
He'll not refuse to lend :
Neither will he upbraid you,
Though oft'ner you request ;
He'll give you grace to conquer,
And take you home to rest.

6 And when the last loud trumpet
Shall rend the vaulted skies,
And bid the sleeping millions
From their cold beds arise,
Our ransom'd dust, revived,
Bright beauties shall put on,
And soar to the blest mansion
Where our Redeemer's gone.

- 7 Our eyes shall then with rapture
 The Saviour's face behold ;
 Our feet, no more diverted,
 Shall walk the streets of gold ;
 Our ears shall hear with transport
 The hosts celestial sing ;
 Our tongues shall chant the glories
 Of our immortal King.
- 8 There we shall reign triumphant
 Upon the blissful shore,
 And shout with the redeemed,
 "Our trials all are o'er ;
 "The wicked cease from troubling,
 "Our weary souls have rest ;
 "We now shall live with Jesus
 "Eternal ages blest "
- 9 We shall outvie the angels
 With the redeemed throng,
 And shout aloud, "Salvation !"
 'Twill be our endless song.
They sing creating goodness,
 But *we* redeeming love ;
 'Tis this shall be our glory
 In realms of joy above.

HYMN 3.

The sufferings of Christ.

- 1 THE Son of Man they did betray ;
 He was condemn'd and led away ;
 Think, O my soul, on that dread day ;
 Look on mount Calvary—
 Behold him, lamb-like, led along,
 Surrounded by a wicked throng ;
 Accused by each lying tongue,
 And then the Lamb of God they hung
 Upon the shameful tree.

- 2 'Twas thus the glorious Sufferer stood,
 With hands and feet nail'd to the wood ;
 From ev'ry wound a stream of blood
 Came flowing down amain.
 His bitter groans all nature shook ;
 And at his voice the rocks were broke,
 And sleeping saints their graves forsook,
 While spiteful Jews around him mock'd,
 And laughed at his pain.
- 3 Now, hung between the earth and skies,
 Behold in agonies he dies !
 O sinners, hear his mournful cries ;
 Come see his torturing pain.
 The morning sun withdrew his light,
 Blush'd and refus'd to view the sight ;
 The azure cloth'd in robes of night,
 All nature mourn'd and stood affright,
 When Christ the Lord was slain.
- 4 Hark, men and angels, hear the Son ;
 He cries for help, but O there's none !
 He treads the wine-press all alone ;
 His garments stain'd with blood.
 In lamentation hear him cry,
 Eloi lama sabacthani ;
 Tho' death may close his languid eyes,
 He soon will mount the upper skies,
 The conquering Son of God.
- 5 The Jews and Romans in a band,
 With hearts like steel around him stand ;
 And, mocking, say, Come save the land,
 Come try thyself to free.
 A soldier pierc'd him when he died ;
 Then healing streams came from his side ;
 And thus my Lord was crucified ;
 Stern justice now is satisfied,
 Sinners, for you and me.

- 6 Behold he mounts the throne of state ;
 He fills the mediatorial seat,
 While millions, bowing at his feet,
 With loud hosannas tell :
 Though he endur'd exquisite pains,
 He led the monster Death in chains ;
 Ye seraphs, raise your loudest strains,
 With music fill bright Eden's plains,
 He's conquer'd death and hell.
- 7 'Tis done ! the dreadful debt is paid,
 The great atonement now is made ;
 Sinners, on him your guilt was laid ;
 For you he spilt his blood :—
 For you his tender soul did move,
 For you he left the courts above,
 That you the length and breadth might prove,
 And height and depth of perfect love,
 In Christ your smiling God.
- 8 All glory be to God on high,
 Who reigns enthron'd above the sky,
 Who sent his Son to bleed and die,
 Glory to him be given.
 While heaven above, his praise resounds,
 O Zion sing his grace abounds !
 I hope to shout eternal rounds,
 In flaming love that knows no bounds
 When swallow'd up in heaven.

HYMN 4.

The sufferings of Christ.

- 1 **THROUGHOUT** our Saviour's life we trace
 Nothing but shame and deep disgrace,
 No period else was seen,
 Till he the spotless victim fell,
 Tasting in soul a painful hell,
 Caus'd by the creature's sin.

- 2 On the cold ground methinks I see
My Jesus kneel and pray for me ;
For this I him adore ;
Seiz'd with a chilly sweat throughout,
Blood-drops did force their passage out,
Through ev'ry opening pore.
- 3 A crown of thorns his temples bore,
His back with lashes all was tore,
Till one the bones might see !
Mocking, they push'd him here and there,
Marking his way with blood and tears,
Press'd by the heavy tree.
- 4 Thus up the hill he heavy came,
Round him they mock'd and made their game ;
At length his cross they rear :
And can you see the Son of God,
Cry out beneath sin's heavy load,
Without one thankful tear ?
- 5 Thus bearing our iniquity,
He dies with anguish on the tree ;
What tongue his grief can tell ?
The shudd'ring rocks their heads recline,
The morning sun refus'd to shine
When the Redeemer fell.
- 6 Shout, brethren, shout with songs divine,
He drank the gall to give us wine,
To quench our parching thirst :
Seraphs, advance your voices higher,
Bride of the Lamb, unite the choir,
To praise your precious Christ.

HYMN 5.

Jesus' death and glorious dignity.

- 1 SEE the Lord of Glory dying,
See him gasping, hear him crying,
See his burthen'd bosom heave ;

- 1 Look, ye sinners, ye who hung him,
 1 Look how deep your sins have stung him ;
 Dying sinners, look and live.
- 2 See the rocks and mountains shaking,
 Earth unto her centre quaking,
 Nature's groans awake the dead ;
 Look on Phebus, struck with wonder,
 While the peals of legal thunder
 Smite the blest Redeemer's head.
- 3 Heaven's bright melodious legions,
 Chanting to the tuneful regions,
 Cease to trill the quiv'ring string :
 Songs seraphic, all suspended,
 Till the mighty war is ended
 By the all-victorious King.
- 4 Hell, and all the pow'rs infernal,
 Vanquish'd by the King eternal,
 When he pour'd the vital flood !
 By his groans, which shook creation,
 Lo ! we found the proclamation,
 " Peace and pardon through his blood."
- 5 Shout, ye saints, with admiration ;
 Fill with songs the wide creation,
 Since he's risen from the grave :
 Shout with joy and acclamation,
 To the Rock of your salvation,
 Who alone has power to save.
- 6 Bear with patience tribulation,
 Overcoming all temptation,
 Till the glorious jubilee ;
 Soon he'll come with bursts of thunder,
 Then shall we adore and wonder,
 Singing on the highest key.
- 7 See the blissful scene before us ;
 Join the universal chorus ;

Bid the flowing numbers rise !
 Songs immortal sweetly sounding,
 Notes angelic loud rebounding,
 Trembling round the vocal skies.

HYMN 6.

Love to Christ.

- 1 O JESUS, my Saviour, to thee I submit,
 With love and thanksgiving fall down at thy feet ;
 In sacrifice offer my soul, flesh and blood ;
 Thou art my Redeemer, my Lord, and my God.
- 2 I love thee, I love thee, I love thee, my Love,
 I love thee, my Saviour, I love thee, my Dove ;
 I love thee, I love thee, and that thou dost know,
 But how much I love thee I never can show.
- 3 All human expressions are empty and vain,
 They cannot unriddle this heavenly flame :
 I'm sure if the tongue of an angel were mine,
 I could not this myst'ry completely define.
- 4 I'm happy, I'm happy, O wondrous account !
 My joys are immortal, I stand on the mount ;
 I gaze on my treasure, and long to be there,
 With Jesus and angels, my kindred so dear.
- 5 O Jesus, my Saviour, with thee I am blest !
 My life and salvation, my joy and my rest ;
 Thy name be my theme, and thy love be my song ;
 Thy grace shall inspire my heart and my tongue.
- 6 O who's like my Saviour ; he's Salem's bright King !
 He smiles and he loves me, and learns me to sing ;
 I'll praise him, I'll praise him, with notes loud & shrill,
 While rivers of pleasure my spirit doth fill.

HYMN 7.

Christ's coming.

- 1 DON'T you see my Jesus coming,
 Don't you see him in yonder cloud,
 With ten thousand saints and angels ?—
 O how they do my Jesus crowd !

CHORUS.

*Well Beloved, blessed Saviour,
Well Beloved, Priest and King ;
All glory to the Lamb that was slain,
For us he did salvation bring.*

- 2 I'll arise, and go and meet him,
He'll embrace me in his arms ;
In the arms of my dear Saviour,
O there are ten thousand charms !
Well Beloved, &c.
- 3 Death shall not destroy my comfort ;
Christ shall guide me through the gloom ;
Down he'll send some heavenly convoy
To escort my spirit home.
Well Beloved, &c.
- 4 There we'll spend our days in pleasure,
Free from every pain and care ;
Come ! O come ! my blessed Saviour,
Fain my spirit would be there.
Well Beloved, &c.

 HYMN 8.

Address to youth.

- 1 YOUNG people, all attention give,
While I address you in God's name.
You who in sin and folly live,
Come hear the counsel of a friend :
I've sought for bliss in glittering toys,
I've rang'd th' alluring scenes of life,
But never found substantial joys,
Until I heard my Saviour's voice.
- 2 He spake at once my sins forgiven,
And swept my load of guilt away ;
He gave me glory, peace and heaven,
And thus I found the good old way.

- And now with trembling sense I view
 Huge billows roll beneath your feet,
 While death eternal waits for you,
 Who slight the force of gospel truth.
- 3 Youth like the spring will soon be gone,—
 By sleety winds or conquering death,
 Your morning sun may set at noon,
 And leave you ever in the dark.
 Your sparkling eyes and blooming cheeks
 Must wither like the blasted rose ;
 The coffin, earth, and winding sheet,
 Must soon your active limbs enclose.
- 4 Ye heedless ones, who widely stroll,
 The grave must soon become your bed ;
 There darkness reigns and vapours move
 In solemn silence round your head.
 Your friends will pass the lonesome place,
 And with a sigh move slow along,
 Still gazing at those spires of grass
 Which will be o'er your bodies grown.
- 5 But O the soul, where vengeance reigns !
 It sinks in groans and ceaseless cries ;
 It moves amidst the burning flames
 In boundless woes and agonies.
 There swallowed up in blackest night,
 Where devils dwell and thunders roar,
 To sink in keen despair and guilt,
 When thousand thousand years are o'er.
- 6 Oh, fellow youth ! this is the state
 Of all who do free grace refuse ;
 And soon with you 'twill be too late
 The way of life in Christ to choose.
 Come, lay your carnal weapons by ;
 No longer fight against your Lord ;
 And with my mission now comply,
 And heaven shall be your great reward.

HYMN 9.

Separation.

- 1 COME ye, who love the Lord indeed,
 Who are from sin and bondage freed ;
 Submit to all the ways of God,
 And walk this narrow, happy road.

CHORUS.

*And I'll sing Hallelujah
 And glory be to the Lord on high ;
 And I'll sing Hallelujah
 While glory's flaming through the skies.*

- 2 Great tribulation you shall meet,
 But soon you'll walk the golden street ;
 Tho' hell may rage and vent her spite,
 Yet Christ will save his heart's delight.
And I'll sing, &c.
- 3 The happy day will soon appear,
 When Gabriel's trumpet you shall hear
 Sound through the earth, yea, down to hell,
 To call the nations great and small.
And I'll sing, &c.
- 4 Behold the skies in burning flame,
 The trumpet louder still proclaim,
 The world must hear and know their doom,
 The separation now is come.
And I'll sing, &c.
- 5 Behold the righteous marching home,
 And all the angels bid them come ;
 While Christ, the Judge, their joy proclaims,
 Here comes my saints, I own their names.
And I'll sing, &c.
- 6 Ye everlasting doors, fly wide,
 Make ready to receive my bride ;
 Ye harps of heaven, come sound aloud,
 Here comes the purchase of my blood.
And I'll sing, &c.

7 In grandeur see the royal lines,
 Whose glitt'ring robes the sun outshines ;
 See saints and angels join in one,
 And march in splendour round the throne.
And I'll sing, &c.

8 They stand in wonder and look on,
 And join in one eternal song ;
 Their great Redeemer to admire,
 While rapture set their hearts on fire.
And I'll sing, &c.

HYMN 10.

The band of Love.

1 OUR souls in love together knit
 Cemented into one,
 One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice,
 'Tis heaven on earth begun.
 Our hearts have burn'd while Jesus spake,
 And glow'd with sacred fire ;
 He stoop'd and talk'd, and fed, and blest,
 And fill'd the enlarg'd desire.

CHORUS, L. M.

*"A Saviour !" let creation sing !
 "A Saviour !" let all heaven ring !
 He's God with us, we feel him ours,
 His fulness on our souls he pours,
 'Tis almost done, 'tis almost o'er,
 We're joining them who're gone before,
 We then shall meet to part no more.*

2 We're soldiers, fighting for our God,
 Let trembling cowards fly ;
 We'll stand unshaken, firm, and fix'd,
 With Christ to live and die.

Let devils rage and hell assail,
 We'll fight our passage through,
 Though foes unite and friends desert,
 We'll seize the prize in view.

Cho. "A Saviour," &c.

- 3 The little cloud increases still,
 The heavens are big with rain ;
 We haste to catch the teeming show'r,
 And all its moisture drain.
 A rill, a stream, a torrent flows !
 But pour a mighty flood ;
 Oh ! sweep the nations, shake the earth,
 Till all proclaim thee God.

Cho. "A Saviour," &c.

- 4 And when thou mak'st thy jewels up,
 And set'st thy starry crown ;
 When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,
 Proclaim'd by thee thine own ;
 May we, a little band of love,
 Be sinners, sav'd by grace ;
 From glory unto glory chang'd,
 Behold thee face to face !

Cho. "A Saviour," &c.

HYMN 11.

The good Shepherd.

- 1 LET thy kingdom, blessed Saviour,
 Come, and bid our jarring cease ;
 Come, O come and reign forever,
 God of love and Prince of Peace !
 Visit now thy precious Zion,
 See thy people mourn and weep ;
 Day and night thy lambs are crying,
 Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

- 2 Many follow men's inventions,
 And submit to human laws ;
 Hence division and contentions
 Sully the Redeemer's cause :
 Hence we suffer persecution,
 While the foolish virgins sleep ;
 All is uproar and confusion,
 Come, good Shepherd, lead thy sheep.
- 3 Some of Paul, some of Apollos,
 Some of Cephas, none agree ;
 Jesus, let us hear thee call us,
 Help us, Lord, to follow thee ;
 Then we'll rush through what encumbers,
 Ev'ry hindrance overleap ;
 Fearing not their force or numbers,
 Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.
- 4 Lord, in us there is no merit,
 We've been sinners from our youth :
 Guide us, Lord, by thy good Spirit,
 That shall teach us all thy truth :
 On the gospel word we'll venture,
 Till in death's cold arms we sleep ;
 Love's our bond, and Christ our centre,
 Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.
- 5 Come, good Lord, with courage arm us,
 Persecution we'll not fear ;
 Nothing, Lord, we know can harm us,
 While our loving Shepherd's near :
 Glory, glory be to Jesus,
 At his name our hearts do leap ;
 He both comforts us and frees us,
 The good Shepherd feeds his sheep.
- 6 Hear the Prince of your salvation,
 Saying, " Fear not, little flock,
 " I myself am your foundation,
 " Ye are built upon this rock :

“ Shun the paths of vice and folly,
 “ Lest you sink into the deep ;
 “ Look to me and be ye holy,
 “ I delight to feed my sheep.”

- 7 Christ alone our soul shall rest on,
 Taught by him we own his name ;
 Sweetest of all names is Jesus,
 How it doth our hearts inflame !
 Glory ! glory ! give him glory,
 Strong is he, and he will keep ;
 He will clear our way before us,
 The good Shepherd feeds his sheep.

HYMN 12.

The Rock.

- 1 WE'VE found the Rock, the travellers cry'd,
O Halla Hallelujah.
 The Stone that all the prophets try'd ;
O Halla Hallelujah.
 Come, children, drink the balmy dew,
O Halla Hallelujah.
 'Twas Christ that shed his blood for you :
Sing glory, Hallelujah.
- 2 This costly mixture cures the soul
 Which sin and guilt had made so foul ;
 O that you would believe in God,
 And wash in Christ's most precious blood.
- 3 O hearken, children ! Christ is come,
 The bride is ready, let us run :
 I'm glad I ever saw the day,
 That we might meet to praise and pray.
- 4 Here's glory, glory in my soul ;
 Come, mourner, feel the current roll ;
 Welcome, dear friends, 'tis known to night,
 It shines around with dazzling light.

- 5 And in this light we'll soar away,
Where there's no night, but open day :
O children, children, bear the cross,
And count the world below as dross.
- 6 We'll bear the cross and wear the crown,
And by our Father's side sit down ;
His grace will feed our hungry souls,
While love divine eternal rolls.
- 7 His fiery chariots make their way,
To welcome us to endless day ;
There glittering millions we shall join,
To praise the Prince of David's line.
-

HYMN 13.

The converted Thief.

- 1 SOVEREIGN grace has power alone
To subdue an heart of stone ;
And the moment grace is felt,
Then the hardest heart will melt.
- 2 When the Lord was crucify'd,
Two transgressors with him died ;
One with vile blasphemous tongue
Scoff'd at Jesus as he hung.
- 3 Thus he spent his wicked breath,
In the very jaws of death ;
Perish'd, as too many do,
With a Saviour in their view.
- 4 But the other, touch'd with grace,
Saw the danger of his case ;
Faith receiv'd to own his Lord,
Whom the scribes and priests abhorr'd.
- 5 Lord, he pray'd, remember me,
When in glory thou shalt be.
Soon with me, the Lord replies,
Thou shalt be in paradise.

- 6 This was wondrous grace indeed,
 Grace vouchsaf'd in time of need ;
 Sinners, trust in Jesus' name,
 You will find him still the same.
- 7 But beware of unbelief,
 Think upon the harden'd thief !
 If the gospel you disdain,
 Christ to you has died in vain.
-

HYMN 14.

I will trust, and not be afraid.

- 1 **BEGONE**, unbelief,
 My Saviour is near,
 And for my relief
 He will surely appear ;
 By prayer let me wrestle,
 And he will perform :
 With *Christ* in the vessel
 I smile at the storm.
- 2 Though dark be my way,
 Since he is my guide,
 'Tis mine to obey,
 'Tis his to provide ;
 Though cisterns be broken,
 And creatures all fail,
 The word he has spoken
 Shall surely prevail.
- 3 His love in time past
 Forbids me to think,
 He'll leave me at last
 In trouble to sink :
 Each sweet Ebenezer
 I have in review,
 Confirms his good pleasure
 To help me quite through.

4 Determin'd to save,
 He watch'd o'er my path,
 When, Satan's blind slave,
 I sported with death ;
 And can he have taught me
 To trust in his name,
 And thus far have brought me
 To put me to shame ?

5 Why should I complain
 Of want or distress,
 Temptation or pain ?
 He told me no less :
 The heirs of salvation,
 I know from his word,
 Through much tribulation
 Must follow their *Lord*.

6 How bitter that cup,
 No heart can conceive,
 Which he drank quite up,
 That sinners might live !
 His way was much rougher,
 And darker than mine ;
 Did *Christ*, my *Lord*, suffer,
 And shall I repine ?

7 Since all that I meet
 Shall work for my good,
 The bitter is sweet,
 The med'cine is food ;
 Though painful at present,
 'Twill cease before long,
 And then, O how pleasant
 The conqueror's song !

HYMN 15.

The garden hymn.

- 1 THE Lord into his garden comes ;
 The spices yield a rich perfume ;
 The lilies grow and thrive ;
 Refreshing showers of grace divine,
 From Jesus flow to ev'ry vine,
 Which makes the dead revive.
- 2 O that this dry and barren ground
 In springs of water may abound,
 A fruitful soil become ;
 The desert blossoms as the rose,
 When Jesus conquers all his foes,
 And makes his people one.
- 3 The glorious time is rolling on,
 The gracious work is now begun ;
 My soul a witness is :
 I taste and see the pardon free,
 For all mankind as well as me,
 Who come to Christ may live.
- 4 The worst of sinners here may find
 A Saviour pitiful and kind,
 Who will them all receive !
 None are too late who will repent ;
 Out of one sinner legions went :
 Jesus did him relieve.
- 5 Come, brethren, ye who love the Lord,
 And taste the sweetness of his word,
 In Jesus' ways go on ;
 Our troubles and our trials here
 Will only make us richer there,
 When we arrive at home.

- 6 We feel that heaven is now begun,
It issues from the shining throne,
From Jesus' grace on high :
It comes like floods we can't contain,
We drink and drink and drink again,
And yet we still are dry.
- 7 But when we come to reign above,
And all surround the throne of love,
We'll drink a full supply ;
Jesus will lead his armies through,
To living fountains where they flow,
Which never will run dry.
- 8 There will we reign and shout and sing,
And make the upper regions ring,
When all the saints get home ;
Come on, come on, my brethren dear,
Soon shall we meet together there,
For Jesus bids us come.
- 9 Amen, amen, my soul replies,
I'm bound to meet him in the skies,
And claim my mansion there :
Now here's my heart, now here's my hand,
To meet you in that heav'nly land
Where we shall part no more.
- 10 There on that peaceful happy shore,
We'll sing and shout our suff'rings o'er,
In sweet redeeming love :
We'll shout and praise our conqu'ring King,
Who died himself that he might bring
Us rebels near to God.

HYMN 16.

Shepherds of Jewry.

- 1 AS shepherds in Jewry were guarding their sheep
Promiscuously seated, estranged from sleep ;
An angel from heaven presented to view,
And thus he accosted the trembling few,
“ Dispel all your sorrows, and banish your fears,
For Jesus your Saviour in Jewry appears.
- 2 Tho’ Adam the first in rebellion was found,
Forbidden to tarry on hallowed ground ;
Yet Adam the second appears to retrieve,
The loss you sustain’d by the devil and Eve :
Then, shepherds, be tranquil, this instant arise,
Go visit the Saviour, and see where he lies.
- 3 A token I leave you, whereby you may find,
This heavenly stranger, this friend to mankind ;
A manger his cradle, a stall his abode,
And oxen are near your compassionate God :
Then, shepherds, be humble, be meek and lie low,
For Jesus your Saviour’s abundantly so.”
- 4 This wondrous story scarce cool’d on the ear,
When thousand of angels, in glory appear,
Thus join in the concert, and this was their theme,
“ All glory to God, and good will towards men ;”
“ Then, shepherds, strike in, join your voice in the choir,
And catch a few sparks of celestial fire.
- 5 Hosanna, the angels in extasy cry,
Hosanna, the wondering shepherds reply ;
Salvation, redemption, are center’d in one,
All glory to God for the birth of his Son.
Then, shepherds, adieu, we commend you to God,
Go visit the Son in his humble abode.”
- 6 To Bethlehem city, the shepherds repair’d,
For full confirmation of what they had heard.
They enter’d the stable with aspect so mild,
And there they beheld both the mother and Child ;
Then make proclamation, divulge it abroad,
That gentle and simple may hear of the Lord.

HYMN 17.

Faith triumphing.

- 1 A DEBTOR to mercy alone,
Of covenant mercy I sing ;
Nor fear with thy righteousness on,
My person and offerings to bring ;
The terrors of law and of God,
With me can have nothing to do ;
My Saviour's obedience and blood
Hide all my transgressions from view.
- 2 The work which his goodness began,
The arm of his strength will complete ;
His promise is *yea* and *amen*,
And never was forfeited yet.
Things future, nor things that are now,
Not all things below nor above,
Can make him his purpose forego,
Or sever my soul from his love.
- 3 My name from the palms of his hands
Eternity will not erase ;
Impress'd on his heart, it remains,
In marks of indelible grace :
Yes, I to the end shall endure
As sure as the earnest is given ;
More happy, but not more secure,
The glorify'd spirits in heaven.

HYMN 18.

The Bible.

- 1 PRECIOUS Bible ! what a treasure
Does the word of God afford ;
All I want for life or pleasure,
Food and med'cine, shield and sword ;
Let the world account me poor,
Having this, I need no more.

- 2 Food to which the world's a stranger,
 Here my hungry soul enjoys ;
 Of excess there is no danger,
 Though it fills, it never cloy :
 On a dying Christ I feed,
 He is meat and drink indeed !
- 3 When my soul is faint and sickly,
 Or when satan wounds my mind ;
 Cordials to revive me quickly,
 Healing med'cines here I find ;
 To the promises I flee,
 Each affords a remedy.
- 4 In the hour of dark temptation,
 Satan cannot make me yield ;
 For the word of consolation
 Is to me a mighty shield :
 While the scripture truth is sure,
 From his malice I'm secure.
- 5 Vain his threats to overcome me,
 When I take the Spirit's sword ;
 Then with ease I drive him from me,
 Satan trembles at the word :
 'Tis a sword for conquest made,
 Keen the edge, and strong the blade.
- 6 Shall I envy then the miser,
 Doating on his golden store ?
 Sure I am, or should be wiser,
 I am rich, 'tis he is poor :
 Jesus gives me in his word,
 Food and med'cine, shield and sword.

HYMN 19.

The harvest Hymn.

- 1 THE fields are all white, and the harvest is near,
The reapers now with their sharp sickles appear
To reap down the wheat, and to store it in barn ;
But th' wild plants of nature must evermore burn.
- 2 Come then, O my soul, meditate on that day
When all things in nature shall cease and decay,
When th' trumpet shall sound, and the angels appear
To reap down the earth, both the wheat and the tare.
- 3 But hear the sad cry that ascends to the sky,
Of those in distress, that have no where to fly !
They'll call on the rocks and the mountains to fall
Upon them, to hide them from the great Judge of all !
- 4 But 'twill be in vain ; for the mountains must flee,
The rocks fly like hailstones, and shall no more be ;
The earth too shall quake, the broad sea shall retire,
And this solid world shall then all be on fire !
- 5 But hear the kind Judge in that great day's alarm,
" First gather my saints and bring them to my arms,
That th' seven last plagues may be pour'd out on those
Who've blasphem'd my name, & my saints have oppos'd."
- 6 Then, O wretched mortals, look up, and espy
The glorious Redeemer descend from the sky ;
On a chariot of fire to the earth he is bound,
With a guard of bright angels attending around.
- 7 " Come hither, ye nations, your sentence receive,
No more shall my word you invite to believe !
My judgment is right, my great sentence is just ;
Come hither, ye bless'd ; but depart, all ye curs'd."
- 8 O sinners, take warning, and seek ye the Lord,
I have not been jesting, it is Christ's own word,
That those who've done good in his glory shall stand,
But those who've done evil, shall surely be damn'd.
- 9 So farewell, I leave you to ponder your way ;
May the Lord seal instruction from what I now say ;
Our souls to his throne let us pour out in prayer,
That all be prepar'd to meet Christ in the air.

HYMN 20.

The Nativity of Christ.

- 1 "SHEPHERDS, rejoice, lift up your eyes,
 " And send your fears away ;
 " News from the region of the skies,
 " Salvation's born to day.
- 2 " Jesus, the God whom angels fear,
 " Comes down to dwell with you ;
 " To-day he makes his entrance here,
 " But not as monarchs do.
- 3 " No gold nor purple swaddling bands,
 " Nor royal shining things ;
 " A manger for his cradle stands,
 " And holds the King of kings.
- 4 " Go, shepherds, where the Infant lies,
 " And see his humble throne ;
 " With tears of joy in all your eyes,
 " Go, shepherds, kiss the SON."
- 5 Thus Gabriel sang, and straight around
 The heavenly armies throng,
 They tune their harps to lofty sound,
 And thus conclude the song :
- 6 " Glory to God that reigns above,
 " Let peace surround the earth :
 " Mortals shall know their Maker's love,
 " At their Redeemer's birth."
- 7 LORD ! and shall angels have their songs,
 And men no tunes to raise ?
 O may we lose these useless tongues
 When they forget to praise !
- 8 Glory to God that reigns above,
 That pitied us forlorn,
 We join to sing our Maker's love,
 For there's a Saviour born.

HYMN 21.

The Gospel Pool.

- 1 **BESIDE** the Gospel Pool,
Appointed for the poor,
From year to year, my helpless soul,
Has waited for a cure.
- 2 How often have I seen
The healing waters move,
And many round me, stepping in,
Their efficacy prove.
- 3 But my complaints remain,
I feel the very same ;
As full of guilt, and fear, and pain,
As when at first I came.
- 4 O, would the Lord appear,
My maladies to heal !
He knows how long I've waited here,
And what distress I feel.
- 5 How often have I thought,
Why should I longer try ?
Surely the mercies I have sought,
Are not for such as I.
- 6 But whither shall I go ?
There is no other pool,
Where streams of sovereign mercy flow,
To make a sinner whole.
- 7 Here then, from day to day,
I'll wait, and hope, and cry ;
Can Jesus hear a sinner pray,
And suffer him to die ?
- 8 No, he is full of grace ;
He never will permit
The soul that fain would see his face
To perish at his feet.

HYMN 22.

The christian soldier.

- 1 A SOLDIER, Lord, thou hast me made,
Thou art my Captain, King and Head ;
And under thee, I still will fight,
The fight of faith, with all my might.
The cross, all stain'd with hallow'd blood,
The ensign of our conquering Lord,
The Christian soldier's standard is,
And I will fight for king Jesus.
- 2 O make me, Lord, what I should be,
To boldly face the enemy ;
That when alarm'd, to call the Lord,
And pass the word to all the guard,
Grant me the weapons of thy word,
The Spirit's pow'rful two-edg'd sword,
To slay my foes where'er they be,
And own the victory won by thee.
- 3 Thou art my Lord, keep me, I pray,
That I may run the heavenly way ;
Nor from my duty e'er depart,
But live to Christ with all my heart.
Help me to walk in humbleness,
March in the way of holiness,
O make me pure and spotless too,
And fit to stand the grand review.
- 4 That when our General shall come,
With sound of trumpet, not of drum,
'Tis then our well dress'd ranks shall stand,
In full review at God's right hand ;
And when our foes shall get the rout,
And Jesus wheels them left about :
Then we'll march up the heav'nly street,
And ground our arms at Jesus' feet.

- 5 The war is o'er, and we are free
 To join the blood-wash'd company ;
 Our wages shall be harps of gold,
 And joys of heaven which can't be told.
 There we shall drink full draughts of wine,
 The band of music we shall join ;
 And hallelujah's highest key,
 Shall be our theme eternally.

HYMN 23.

The soldier of the cross.

- 1 AM I a soldier of the cross,
 A follower of the Lamb ?
 And shall I fear to own his cause,
 Or blush to speak his name ?

CHORUS.

*O glory halleluia, praise ye my God ;
 O glory halleluia, love and serve the Lord.*

- 2 Are there no foes for me to face ?
 Must I not stem the flood ?
 Is this vain world a friend to grace,
 To help us unto God ? *Chorus.*
- 3 Shall I be carried to the skies,
 On flow'ry beds of ease ;
 While others fight to win the prize,
 And sail through bloody seas ? *Cho.*
- 4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign ;
 Increase my courage, Lord,
 To bear the cross, endure the shame,
 Supported by thy word. *Cho.*
- 5 The saints all in this glorious war,
 Shall conquer, though they die ;
 They see a triumph from afar,
 And seize it with their eye. *Cho.*

- 6 When that illustrious morn shall rise,
 And all thine armies shine,
 With robes of vict'ry through the skies,
 The glory shall be thine. *Cho.*
-

HYMN 24.

Distinguishing grace.

- 1 IN songs of sublime adoration and praise,
 Ye pilgrims for Sion who press,
 Break forth, and extol the great Ancient of days,
 His rich and distinguishing grace.
- 2 His love, from eternity fix'd upon you,
 Broke forth and discover'd its flame,
 When each with the cords of his kindness he drew,
 And brought you to love his great name.
- 3 O had he not pitied the state you were in,
 Your bosoms his love had ne'er felt ;
 You all would have liv'd, would have died too in sin,
 And sunk with the load of your guilt.
- 4 What was there in you, that could merit esteem,
 Or give the Creator delight ?
 'Twas "even so, Father." you ever must sing,
 "Because it seemed good in thy sight."
- 5 'Twas all of thy grace we were brought to obey,
 While others were suffer'd to go
 The road, which by nature we chose as our way,
 Which leads to the regions of wo.
- 6 Then give all the glory to his holy name ;
 To him all the glory belongs :
 Be yours the high joy, still to sound forth his fame,
 And crown him in each of your songs.
-

HYMN 25.

Grateful recollection.

- 1 COME, thou Fount of every blessing,
 Tune my heart to sing thy grace ;
 Streams of mercy never ceasing,
 Call for songs of loudest praise :

Teach me some melodious sonnet,
 Sung by flaming tongues above :
 Praise the mount—O fix me on it,
 Mount of *God's* unchanging love.

- 2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
 Hither by thy help I'm come ;
 And I hope by thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home :
Jesus sought me when a stranger
 Wandering from the fold of *God* :
 He to save my soul from danger,
 Interpos'd his precious blood.
- 3 O ! to grace how great a debtor,
 Daily I'm constrain'd to be :
 Let that grace, *Lord*, like a fetter,
 Bind my wandering heart to thee !
 Prone to wander, *Lord*, I feel it ;
 Prone to leave the God I love—
 Here's my heart, *Lord*, take and seal it :
 Seal it from thy courts above.
-

HYMN 26.

The good Physician.

- HOW lost was my condition,
 Till *Jesus* made me whole !
 There is but one Physician
 Can cure a sin-sick soul :
 Next door to death he found me,
 And snatch'd me from the grave,
 To tell to all around me
 His wondrous pow'r to save.
- 2 The worst of all diseases
 Is light compar'd with sin ;
 On ev'ry part it seizes,
 But rages most within ;

'Tis palsy, plague, and fever,
 And madness, all combin'd ;
 And none but a believer
 The least relief can find.

3 From men great skill professing
 I thought a cure to gain ;
 But this prov'd more distressing,
 And added to my pain.
 Some said that nothing ail'd me,
 Some gave me up for lost ;
 Thus ev'ry refuge fail'd me,
 And all my hopes were cross'd.

4 At length this great Physician,
 How matchless is his grace !
 Accepted my petition,
 And undertook my case :
 First gave me sight to view him,
 For sin my eyes had seal'd ;
 Then bade me look unto him ;
 I look'd, and I was heal'd.

5 A dying, risen Jesus,
 Seen by the eye of faith,
 At once from danger frees us,
 And saves the soul from death.
 Come then to this Physician,
 His help he'll freely give,
 He makes no hard condition,
 'Tis only—look and live.

HYMN 27.

New Year's day.

1 COME, let us anew
 Our journey pursue,
 Roll round with the year,
 And never stand still till the Master appear !

His adorable will

Let us gladly fulfil,

And our talents improve

By the patience of hope, and the labour of love.

2 Our life is a dream,

Our time as a stream

Glides swiftly away,

And the fugitive moment refuses to stay :

The arrow is flown,

The moment is gone :

The millennial year

Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

3 O that each in the day

Of his coming may say,

"I have fought my way through,

I have finish'd the work thou didst give me to do."

O that each from his Lord

May receive the glad word,

"Well and faithfully done !

Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne."

HYMN 28.

Christian fellowship.

1 COME and taste along with me,

Consolations running free,

From my Father's worthy home,

Sweeter than the honey-comb.

2 Wherefore should I thirst alone ?

Two are better far than one ;

More who sing on Zion's hill,

Makes the comfort sweeter still.

3 Saints in glory sing aloud,

When they see an heir of God

Coming in at heaven's door,
Making up the number more.

- 4 Though the tempter often rise,
And would make my soul a prize,
Drawn by Christ, I'll run to him,
He alone can conquer sin.
- 5 Goodness, running like a stream
Through the New Jerusalem,
By its constant breaking forth,
Sweetens earth and heaven both.
- 6 Sinful nature, lurking vice,
Cannot stop the work of grace,
While there is a God to give,
And a sinner to receive.
- 7 When this truth to me appears,
It removes my doubts and fears ;
Eshcol's fruit inflames my heart,
Warming me in ev'ry part.
- 8 Then I go to Heaven's store,
Asking for a little more ;
Jesus gives a double share,
Calling me a gleaner there.
- 9 Heaven here and heaven there,
Comforts growing ev'ry where ;
This I boldly can attest,
For my soul hath had a taste.

HYMN 29.

Exceeding great and precious promises.

- 1 HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the *Lord*,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word !
What more can he say, than to you he hath said ?
You, who unto *Jesus* for refuge have fled.
- 2 In every condition, in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth ;

At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,
 "As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever be.

- 3 "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismay'd,
 "I, I am thy *God*, and will still give thee aid ;
 "I'll strengthen thee, help thee, & cause thee to stand,
 "Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.
- 4 "When thro' the deep waters, I call thee to go,
 "The rivers of wo shall not thee overflow ;
 "For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
 "And sanctify to thee, thy deepest distress.
- 5 "When thro' fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
 "My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply ;
 "The flame shall not hurt thee, I only design
 "Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
- 6 "Even down to old age, all my people shall prove
 "My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love ;
 "And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
 "Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.
- 7 "The soul that on *Jesus* hath lean'd for repose,
 "*I will not, I will not* desert to his foes ;
 "That soul, tho' all hell should endeavour to shake,
 "*I'll never, no never, no never forsake.*"*

HYMN 30.

Home.

- 1 BRETHREN, while we sojourn here,
 Fight we must, but should not fear ;
 Foes we have, but we've a friend,
 One who loves us to the end ;
 Forward then with courage go,
 Long we shall not dwell below ;
 Soon the joyful news will come,
 Child, your Father calls—*Come home.*
- 2 In the world a thousand snares
 Lay to take us unawares ;
 Satan, with malicious art,
 Watches each unguarded heart ;

*Agreeable to Dr. Doddridge's translation of Heb. xiii. 5.

But from Satan's malice free,
 Saints shall soon victorious be ;
 Soon the joyful news will come,
 Child, your Father calls—*Come home.*

- 3 But of all the foes we meet,
 None so apt to turn our feet,
 None betray us into sin,
 Like the foes we have within ;
 Yet let nothing spoil your peace,
 Christ will also conquer these ;
 Then the joyful news will come,
 Child, your Father calls—*Come home.*

HYMN 31.

Jacob's ladder.

- 1 AS Jacob on his journey went,
 By God, and by his parents sent,
 He came to Bethel, where he lay,
 And waited for another day—
 A stone was for his pillow laid,
 And the cold ground compos'd his bed ;
 The darkness shrouded him around,
 And the blue heav'ns above the ground.
- 2 All nature lay compos'd to peace,
 And the sweet birds their minstrels cease ;
 And as he slept, he in a dream
 Beheld the wonder, now my theme :
 A ladder of amazing length,
 Of equal breadth, of equal strength,
 Its foot on earth 'was set in love,
 Its top did reach the heavens above.
- 3 The Lord above this ladder stood,
 Proclaim'd himself, th' eternal God ;
 And through this medium I tulld
 My counsel and eternal will.

I am thy Father's God, dear man,
 To Abram, I've reveal'd my plan ;
 The same to Isaac, I've reveal'd—
 The promise now to you is seal'd.

- 4 My covenant of grace I give,
 The promise good with thee I leave ;
 Thou shalt be blest, and in thy seed
 All nations shall be blest indeed.
 This ladder is a scheme to show
 How grace to man can freely flow,
 Consistent with my righteous law,
 Which ever shines without a flaw.
- 5 To Jacob, 'twas a pleasing theme,
 Inspir'd by God, he had this dream :
 In it with transport he beheld
 The way to bliss as now reveal'd.
 His soul with wonder stood amaz'd,
 And sweetly on this ladder gaz'd ;
 On it, he saw the angels rise—
 On it, descending from the skies.
- 6 There holy ministers of flame
 Who come in God, Jehovah's name,
 When they attend the saints below,
 'Tis by this ladder they must go :
 And by this figure we are taught
 How holy angels find support,
 When they as swift as lightning fly
 To do the will of God most high.
- 7 This ladder's rounds, compos'd of love,
 Direct the soul to God above :
 The sides are made of flesh and blood,
 United with th' eternal God.
 Ah ! what a bright and sweet display
 Of heaven ! it is the only way—
 A lovely, blessed, glorious scheme,
 By which the gate of heaven is seen.

- 8 With peaceful mind did Jacob wake,
 With awe he did the silence brake—
 "This place is awful, lovely, sweet,
 "The house of God, and heaven's gate."
 A Ladder of support is made,
 To go and come as we have need ;
 So Jesus is the christian's all, -
 He holds us up, or we should fall.
- 9 If you would climb some building's top,
 'Tis by the help of such a prop ;
 The way to heaven would you know,
 Up Jacob's ladder you must go.
 By faith we climb this ladder up,
 By faith ascend unto the top ;
 And every step is made by grace
 To reach our glorious hiding place.

HYMN 32. -

The wandering Pilgrims.

- 1 WAND'RING pilgrims, mourning Christians,
 Weak and tempted lambs of Christ,
 Who endure great tribulation,
 And with sins are much distress'd ;
- 2 Christ has sent me to invite you
 To a rich and costly feast ;
 Let not shame nor pride prevent you ;
 Come the sweet provision taste.
- 3 If you have a heart lamenting,
 And bemoan your wretched case,
 Come to Jesus Christ repenting,
 He will give you gospel grace.
- 4 If you want a heart to fear him,
 Love and serve him all your days ;
 Only come to Christ and ask him,
 He will guide you in his ways.

- 5 If your heart is unbelieving,
Doubting Jesus' pard'ning love,
Lay hard by Bethesda waiting,
Till the troubled waters move :
- 6 If no man appears to help you,
All their efforts prove but talk,
Jesus, Jesus, he will cleanse you ;
Rise, take up your bed and walk.
- 7 If like Peter you are sinking,
In the sea of unbelief,
Wait with patience, always praying,
Christ will send you sweet relief.
- 8 He will give you grace and glory,
All your wants shall be supply'd,
Canaan, Canaan lies before you ;
Rise, and cross the swelling tide.
- 9 Death shall not destroy your comfort,
Christ shall guard you through the gloom,
Down he'll send a heav'nly convoy,
To convey you to his home.
- 10 There you'll spend your days in pleasure,
Free from ev'ry want and care ;
Come, O come, my blessed Saviour,
Fain my spirit would be there.

HYMN 33.

The bold Pilgrim.

- 1 COME, all ye Christian pilgrims,
Who're bound to Canaan's land,
Take courage and fight manfully ;
Stand fast with sword in hand.
- 2 Our Captain's gone before us,
The Father's only Son :
So pilgrims dear, pray do not fear,
But let us travel on.

- 3 We have a howling wilderness,
Beset with hail and snow ;
A land of drought and gloominess,
Where chilly winds do blow.
- 4 But Jesus will go with us,
And guide us in the way ;
If enemies examine us,
He'll teach us what to say.
- 5 Good morning, saith the enemy,
Pray tell to me your name :
And whither you are going ;
Likewise from whence you came.
- 6 My name, it is bold Pilgrim ;
To Canaan I am bound ;
I'm from the howling wilderness,
From that enchanted ground.
- 7 But what is that upon your head,
That shines so clear and bright :
Likewise that thing upon your breast,
That dazzles in my sight ?
- 8 What kind of shoes are those you wear,
On which you boldly stand ;
Likewise that shining instrument
You hold in your right hand ?
- 9 'Tis glorious hope upon my head :
And on my breast, my shield ;
With this bright sword I mean to fight,
Until I win the field.
- 10 My feet are shod with gospel grace,
On which I boldly stand ;
I mean to fight until I die,
And win fair Canaan's land.
- 11 You'd better stay with me, young man,
And give your journey o'er,
Your Captain now is out of sight,
His face you'll see no more.

- 12 My name it is Apollyon ;
 This land belongs to me,
 And for your arms and pilgrim's dress,
 I'll give it all to thee.
- 13 O no, said the bold Pilgrim,
 Your offers I disdain,
 For shining crowns of glory
 I shortly shall obtain.
- 14 If I but hold out faithful
 To my dear Lord's command,
 I shall surely reign with him
 On Canaan's happy land.
-

HYMN 34.

The beggar's prayer.

- 1 ENCOURAG'D by thy word
 Of promise to the poor,
 Behold a beggar, Lord,
 Waits at thy mercy-door :
 No hand, no heart, dear Lord, but thine,
 Can help or pity wants like mine.
- 2 The beggar's usual plea,
 Relief from men to gain,
 If offer'd unto thee,
 I know thou wouldst disdain ;
 But those which move thy gracious ear,
 Are such as men would scorn to hear.
- 3 I have no right to say,
 That though I now am poor,
 Yet once there was a day
 When I possessed more ;
 Thou know'st that from my very birth
 I've been the poorest wretch on earth.

- 4 Nor dare I to profess,
 As beggars often do,
 Though great is my distress,
 My faults have been but few :
 If thou should'st leave my soul to starve,
 It would be what I well deserve.
- 5 Nor dare I to pretend
 I never begg'd before,
 And if thou now befriend,
 I'll trouble thee no more ;
 Thou often hast reliev'd my pain,
 And often I must come again.
- 6 Though crumbs are much too good
 For such a wretch as I,
 No less than children's food
 My soul can satisfy :
 O do not frown, and bid me go ;
 I must have all thou canst bestow.
- 7 Nor can I willing be
 Thy bounty to conceal
 From others who, like me,
 Their wants and hunger feel ;
 I'll tell them of thy mercy's store,
 And try to send a thousand more.
- 8 Thy ways, thou Only Wise,
 Our thoughts and ways transcend,
 Far as the arched skies
 Above this earth extend :
 Such pleas as mine men would not hear,
 But God receives a beggar's prayer.

HYMN 35.

Exhortation to prayer.

- 1 **WHAT** various hindrances we meet
 In coming to a mercy-seat !

- Yet who, that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there ?
- 2 Prayer makes the darken'd cloud withdraw,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw ;
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight ;
Prayer makes the christian's armour bright ;
And satan trembles, when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 While Moses stood with arms spread wide,
Success was found on Israel's side ;
But when through weariness they fail'd,
That moment Amalek prevail'd.
- 5 Have you no words ; ah, think again,
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.
- 6 Were half the breath, thus vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful song would oft'ner be,
" Hear what the *Lord* has done for me."

HYMN 36.

The awakened sinner.

- 1 WAK'D by the Gospel's powerful sound,
My soul in sin and thrall I found,
Expos'd to endless wo ;
Eternal truth did loud proclaim,
The sinner must be born again,
O down to ruin go.
- 2 Surpris'd indeed, I could not tell
Which way to shun the gates of hell,
To which I then drew near !

I strove, alas ! but all in vain ;
 The sinner must be born again,
 Still sounded in my ear.

3 I to the law then ran for help,
 But still I felt the weight of guilt,
 And no relief I found ;
 While sin my burden'd soul did pain,
 The sinner must be born again,
 Did loud as thunder sound.

4 God's justice then I did behold,
 And guilt lay heavy on my soul,
 It was a dreadful load ;
 This solemn truth did still remain,
 The sinner must be born again,
 Or feel the wrath of God.

5 I heard some tell how Christ did give
 His life to let the sinner live ;
 But him I could not see :
 I read my Bible—it was plain,
 The sinner must be born again,
 Or dwell in misery.

6 But as my soul with dying breath,
 Lay gasping near eternal death,
 Christ Jesus I did see ;
 Free grace and pardon he proclaim'd,
 I trust I then was born again,
 In gospel liberty.

7 Not angels in the world above,
 Nor saints could glow with greater love
 Than what my soul enjoy'd ;
 My soul did mount on eagles' wings,
 And glory, glory, I did sing
 To Jesus, my dear Lord.

8 Now with the saints I'll join to tell
 How Jesus sav'd my soul from hell,

To sing redeeming love :
 Ascribe the glory to the Lamb,
 The sinner now is born again,
 To dwell with Christ above.

HYMN 37.

A prayer for seriousness in prospect of eternity.

- 1 **THOU** God of glorious majesty !
 To thee, against myself, to thee,
 A sinful worm, I cry :
 An half awaken'd child of man,
 An heir of endless bliss or pain,
 A sinner born to die.
- 2 **Lo !** on a narrow neck of land,
 'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
 Yet how insensible !
 A point of time, a moment's space,
 Removes me to yon heavenly place,
 Or shuts me up in hell !
- 3 **O God**, my inmost soul convert,
 And deeply on my thoughtful heart
 Eternal things impress ;
 Give me to feel their solemn weight,
 And save me ere it be too late :
 Wake me to righteousness.
- 4 **Before** me place, in bright array,
 The pomp of that tremendous day,
 When thou with clouds shalt come,
 To judge the nations at thy bar ;
 And tell me, *Lord*, shall I be there
 To meet a joyful doom ?
- 5 **Be** this my one great bus'ness here,
 With holy trembling, holy fear,
 To make my calling sure !

Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
 And suffer all thy righteous will,
 And to the end endure !

- 6 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
 Transported from this vale to live
 And reign with thee above :
 Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
 And hope, in full supreme delight
 And everlasting love.
-

HYMN 38.

The good old way.

- 1 LIFT up your heads, Emanuel's friends,
 And taste the pleasures Jesus sends ;
 Let nothing cause you to delay,
 But hasten on the Good Old Way.
- 2 Our conflicts here, though great they be,
 Shall not prevent our victory,
 If we but watch, and strive, and pray,
 Like soldiers in the Good Old Way.
- 3 Though Satan may his power employ,
 Our peace and comfort to destroy ;
 Yet never fear, we'll win the day,
 And shout and sing the Good Old Way.
- 4 O Good Old Way, how good thou art !
 May none of us from thee depart ;
 But may our actions always say,
 We're walking in the Good Old Way.
- 5 And when on Pisgah's top we stand,
 And view by faith the promis'd land,
 Then we will shout and sing and pray—
 And march along the Good Old Way.
- 6 Ye valiant souls, for heaven contend,
 Remember life is at the end ;
 Our God will wipe all tears away,
 When we have run the Good Old Way.
- 7 When far beyond this mortal shore
 We'll join with those who've gone before ;
 And shout to think we've gain'd the day,
 By walking in the Good Old Way.

HYMN 39.

The spiritual voyage.

- 1 JESUS, at thy command;
I launch into the deep ;
And leave my native land,
Where sin lulls all asleep :
For thee I fain would all resign,
And sail to heav'n with thee and thine.
- 2 What though the seas are broad ?
What though the waves are strong ?
What though tempestuous winds
Distress me all along ?
Yet what are seas, or stormy wind,
Compar'd to Christ, the sinner's friend ?
- 3 Christ is my pilot wise,
My compass is his word ;
My soul each storm defies,
While I have such a Lord :
I trust his faithfulness and pow'r
To save me in the trying hour.
- 4 Though rocks, and quicksands deep,
Through all my passage lie ;
Yet Christ will safely keep,
And guide me with his eye !
How can I sink with such a prop,
That bears the world and all things up ?
- 5 By faith I see the land,
Haven of endless rest ;
My soul, thy wings expand,
And fly to Jesus' breast !
O may I reach the heavenly shore,
Where winds and seas distress no more !
- 6 Whene'er becalm'd I lie,
And all my storms subside ;
Then to my succour fly,
And keep me near thy side ;

For more the treacherous calm I dread,
Than tempests bursting o'er my head.

- 7 Come, heavenly wind, and blow
A prosperous gale of grace ;
And waft me from below,
To heav'n, my destin'd place :
Then in full sail my port I'll find,
And leave the world and sin behind.

HYMN 40.

The mystery of salvation.

- 1 O WHAT a glorious mystery—wonder, wonder,
That I should ever saved be; wonder, &c. [wonder,
No heart can think, no tongue can tell, &c.
The love of God unchangeable, &c.
- 2 Great mystery, who can tell why
That Christ for sinners e'er should die ;
That he should leave those realms of bliss,
And die for sinners on the cross !
- 3 Great mystery, that he should place
His love on those of Adam's race :
That my poor soul should share a part,
And find a mansion in his heart !
- 4 Great mystery I do behold,
That God should ever save my soul ;
And snatch me from the jaws of hell,
The greatness of his love to tell !
- 5 Why was I not still left behind,
With thousand others of mankind :
Who run the dangerous, sinful race,
And die and never taste his grace ?
- 6 'Twas the same love that spread the feast,
That sweetly brought us in to taste
Of heavenly manna from above,
Redeeming grace and heavenly love.

- 7 Not all the heavenly host can scan
 The glory of this noble plan !
 'Tis wisdom from the Father's skill,
 And so remains a myst'ry still.

HYMN 41.

The glory of Christ.

- 1 O THOU in whose presence my soul takes delight,
 On whom in affliction I call ;
 My comfort by day, and my song in the night,
 My hope, my salvation, my all.
- 2 Where dost thou at noon-tide resort with thy sheep,
 To feed on the pastures of love ?
 Say, why in the valley of death should I weep,
 Or alone in the wilderness rove ?
- 3 O why should I wander an alien from thee ;
 Or cry in the desert for bread ?
 Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,
 And smile at the tears I have shed.
- 4 Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have you seen,
 The Star that on Israel shone ;
 Say, if in your tents my Beloved has been,
 And where with his flock he has gone ?
- 5 This is my Beloved, his form is divine,
 His vestments shed odours around ;
 The locks on his head are as grapes on the vine,
 When autumn with plenty is crown'd.
- 6 The roses of Sharon, the lilies that grow
 In the vales, on the banks of the streams ;
 On his cheek does the beauty of excellence glow,
 And his eyes are as quivers of beams.
- 7 His voice, as the sound of the dulcimer sweet,
 Is heard through the shadow of death,
 The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,
 The air is perfum'd with his breath.
- 8 His lips as a fountain of righteousness flow,
 That waters the garden of grace ;
 From which their salvation the Gentiles shall know,
 And bask in the smiles of his face.

- 7 O ! foolish child, why didst thou boast
In the enlargement of thy coast ?
Why didst thou think to fly away,
Before thou leav'st this feeble clay ?
- 8 Come, take up arms and face the field ;
Come, gird on harness, sword and shield ;
Stand fast in faith, fight for your King,
And soon the vict'ry you shall win.
- 9 When Satan comes to tempt your minds,
Then meet him with these blessed lines ;
For Christ our Lord has swept the field,
And we're determin'd not to yield.

HYMN 44.—C. M.

The true penitent.

- 1 HARK ! hear the sound on earth is found :
My soul delights to hear
Of dying love that's from above,
Of pardon bought so dear.
- 2 God's ministers, like flames of fire,
Are passing through the land ;
The voice is, Hear, repent and fear,
King Jesus is at hand.
- 3 God's chariots they no longer stay,
They're mounted on the truth :
The saints in prayer cry, Lord, draw near,
Have mercy on the youth,
- 4 Young converts sing and praise their King,
And bless God's holy name ;
Whilst older saints, true penitents,
Rejoice to join the theme.
- 5 God, grant a shower of his great power
On ev'ry aching heart,
Who sincerely to God do cry
That they may have a part.

- 6 Come, lovely youth, embrace the truth;
 Agree with one accord,
 And use your tongues while you are young,
 In praising of the Lord.

HYMN 45.—L. M.
Not ashamed of Christ.

- 1 JESUS ! and shall it ever be
 A mortal man ashamed of thee !
 Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
 Whose glories shine through endless days !
- 2 Ashamed of *Jesus* ! sooner far
 Let evening blush to own a star ;
 He sheds the beams of light divine
 O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Ashamed of *Jesus* ! just as soon
 Let midnight be ashamed of noon :
 'Tis midnight with my soul till he,
 Bright Morning Star ! bid darkness flee.
- 4 Ashamed of *Jesus* ! that dear friend,
 On whom my hopes of heaven depend !
 No : when I blush—be this my shame,
 That I no more revere his name.
- 5 Ashamed of *Jesus* ! Yes I may,
 When I've no guilt to wash away,
 No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
 No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain,
 Till then I boast a Saviour slain !
 And O may this my glory be,
 That *Christ* is not ashamed of me !
- 7 [His institutions would I prize,
 Take up my cross—the shame despise ;
 Dare to defend his noble cause,
 And yield obedience to his laws.]

- 7 O ! foolish child, why didst thou boast
 In the enlargement of thy coast ?
 Why didst thou think to fly away,
 Before thou leav'st this feeble clay ?
- 8 Come, take up arms and face the field ;
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 That *Christ* is not asham'd of me !
- 7 [His institutions would I prize,
 Take up my cross—the shame despise ;
 Dare to defend his noble cause,
 And yield obedience to his laws.]

HYMN 46.

The hiding place.

- 1 HAIL, sov'reign love that first began
The scheme to rescue fallen man ;
Hail, matchless, free, eternal grace,
That gave my soul a hiding place !
- 2 Against the God that built the sky,
I fought, with hands uplifted high ;
Despis'd the mansions of his grace,
Too proud to seek a hiding place !
- 3 Enwrapt in dark Egyptian night,
And fond of darkness more than light,
Madly I run the sinful race,
Secure without a hiding place.
- 4 But lo ! th' eternal counsel ran,
Almighty love ! arrest the man !
I felt the arrows of distress,
And found I had no hiding place.
- 5 Vindictive Justice stood in view,
To Sinai's fiery mount I flew ;
But Justice cry'd with frowning face,
This mountain is no hiding place !
- 6 But lo ! a heavenly voice I heard,
And mercy's angel soon appear'd ;
He led me on a pleasing pace,
To Jesus Christ, my hiding place.
- 7 Should seven-folds streams of vengeance roll,
And shake this globe from pole to pole ;
No thunder bolts shall daunt my face,
For Jesus is my hiding place.
- 8 A few more rolling suns, at most,
Shall land me on fair Canaan's coast,
Where I shall sing the song of grace,
And see my glorious Hiding Place.

HYMN 47.

Expostulation.

- 1 NOW the Saviour stands a pleading,
At the sinner's bolted heart ;
Now in heaven he's interceding,
Undertaking sinners' part.

CHORUS.

*Sinners, can you hate this Saviour ?
Will you thrust him from your arms ?
Once he dy'd for your behaviour,
Now he calls you to his charms.*

- 2 Now he pleads his sweat and bloodshed,
Shews his wounded hands and feet ;
Father, save them, though they're blood red,
Raise them to a heavenly seat.

Sinners, can you hate, &c.

- 3 Sinners, hear your God and Saviour,
Hear his gracious voice to-day,
Turn from all your vain behaviour,
O repent, return, and pray.

Sinners, can you hate, &c.

- 4 O be wise before you languish
On the bed of dying strife !
Endless joy or endless anguish,
Turns upon the events of life.

Sinners, can you hate, &c.

- 5 Now he's waiting to be gracious,
Now he stands and looks on thee :
See what kindness, love and pity,
Shine around on you and me.

Sinners, can you hate, &c.

- 6 Open now your hearts before him,
Bid the Saviour welcome in ;
Now receive, and O adore him,
Take a full discharge from sin.

Sinners, can you hate, &c.

- 7 Come, for all things now are ready,
 Yet there's room for many more ;
 O ye blind, ye lame and needy,
 Come to wisdom's boundless store.
Sinners, can you hate, &c.

HYMN 48.

Christ's invitation to his spouse.

- 1 **ARISE**, my dear love, my undefil'd dove,
 I hear my dear Jesus to say ;
 The winter is past, the spring's come at last ;
 My love, my dove come away.
- 2 The earth that is green, is fair to be seen,
 The little birds chirping do say,
 That they do rejoice in each other's voice,
 My love, my dove come away.
- 3 All smiling in love, the young turtle dove,
 The flowers appearing in May ;
 All speak forth the praise of the Ancient of days ;
 My love, my dove come away.
- 4 Come away from th' world's cares, those troublesome
 That follow you night and by day :— [snares,
 That you may be free from the troubles that be ;
 My love, my dove come away.
- 5 Come away from all fear that troubles you here,
 Come into my arms, he doth say ;
 That you may be clear from the troubles you fear—
 My love, my dove come away.
- 6 Come away from all pride, from that raging tide,
 That makes you fall out by the way ;
 Come learn to be meek, and your Jesus to seek ;
 My love, my dove come away.
- 7 As to you that are old, and whose hearts are grown cold,
 Your Jesus inviting doth say,
 That he's heard your cries in the north countries ;
 My love, my dove come away.
- 8 As to you that are young, your hearts they are strong,
 Your Jesus invites you away ;
 From Antichrist's charms to your Jesus' kind arms,
 My love, my dove come away.

- 9 And as to the youth that have known the truth,
Whose hearts they have led you astray ;
Come, hear to his voice, and your hearts shall rejoice ;
My love, my dove come away.
- 10 My dear children all, come hear to my call,
Behold I stand knocking and say—
My head's wet with dew, my children for you ;
My love, my dove come away.
- 11 My fatlings are kill'd, my table is fill'd,
My maidens attending doth say,
There's wine on the lees as much as you please,
My love, my dove come away.
- 12 Come, travel the road that leads you to God,
For it is a bright shining way ;
Come run up and down my errands upon,
My love, my dove come away.

HYMN 49.

Lovest thou me ?

- 1 'TIS a point I long to know,
Of it causes anxious thought ;
Do I love the Lord or no ?
Am I his, or am I not ?
- 2 If I love, why am I thus ?
Why this dull and lifeless frame ?
Hardly, sure, can they be worse,
Who have never heard his name.
- 3 Could my heart so hard remain,
Prayer a task and burden prove,
Every trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love ?
- 4 When I turn my eyes within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild ;
Fill'd with unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself a child ?
- 5 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mixt with all I do :

You that love the Lord indeed,
Tell me, is it thus with you ?

- 6 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall ;
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all ?
- 7 [Could I joy his saints to meet,
Choose the ways I once abhorr'd,
Find, at times, the promise sweet,
If I did not love the Lord ?]
- 8 Lord, decide the doubtful case !
Thou who art thy people's sun,
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.
- 9 Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray ;
If I have not lov'd before,
Help me to begin to-day.

HYMN 50.

Fears removed—It is I, be not afraid.

- 1 UNCLEAN ! unclean ! and full of sin,
From first to last, O Lord, I've been !
Deceitful is my heart :
Guilt presses down my burden'd soul,
But Jesus can the waves control,
And bid my fears depart.
- 2 When first I heard his word of grace,
Ungratefully I hid my face,
Ungratefully delay'd :
At length his voice more powerful came,
“ 'Tis I (he cry'd,) I, still the same,
“ Thou need'st not be afraid.”

- 8 My heart was chang'd in that same hour,
 My soul confess'd his mighty power,
 Out flow'd the briny tear :
 I listen'd still to hear his voice ;
 Again he said, " In me rejoice,
 " 'Tis I, thou need'st not fear."
- 4 " Unworthy of thy love," I cry'd ;
 " Freely I love," he soon reply'd,
 " On me thy faith be staid :
 " On me for every thing depend,
 " I'm *Jesus* still, the sinner's friend,
 " Thou need'st not be afraid."

HYMN 51.

Rejoicing in Christ crucified.

- 1 VAIN, delusive world, adieu,
 With all of creature good ;
 Only Jesus I pursue,
 Who bought me with his blood !
 All thy pleasures I forego,
 I trample on thy wealth and pride :
*Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucify'd !*
- 2 Other knowledge I disdain,
 'Tis all but vanity :
 Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,
 He tasted death for me !
 Me to save from endless wo,
 The sin-atonement victim dy'd ;
Only Jesus, &c.
- 3 Turning to my rest again,
 The Saviour I adore ;
 He relieves my grief and pain,
 And bids me weep no more.
 Rivers of salvation flow
 From Jesus' head, his hands, his side ;
Only Jesus, &c.

4 Here will I set up my rest ;
 My fluctuating heart,
 From the haven of his breast,
 Shall never more depart :
 Whither should a sinner go,
 His wounds for me stand open wide ;
Only Jesus, &c.

5 Him to know is life and peace,
 And pleasure without end ;
 This is all my happiness,
 On Jesus to depend ;
 Daily in his grace to grow,
 And ever in his faith abide ;
Only Jesus, &c.

6 O that I could all invite,
 This saving truth to prove :
 Show the length, the breadth, and height,
 And depth of Jesus' love !
 Fain I would to sinners show
 The blood by faith alone apply'd !
Only Jesus, &c.

HYMN 52.

Christ's invitation.

1 COME, brethren and sisters, that love my dear Lord,
 I pray give attention and ear to my word ;
 What wonder of mercy ! behold now I see,
 What a tender kind Saviour has done for poor me.

2 I was led by the devil, till lost and distress,
 I tho't that in torments I soon should be cast :
 No peace to the wicked, but all misery,
 Till by faith I saw Jesus hang bleeding for me.

3 O sinner, said Jesus, for you I have died :
 All glory to Jesus, my soul then reply'd ;
 The guilt was removed, my soul did rejoice ;
 The blood was applied, the witness and voice.

- 4 On my low bending knees, before God I did fall,
All glory to Jesus, for he's all in all ;
The heart of this rebel was bursted in twain,
To see my dear Jesus on Calvary slain.
- 5 There was peace now in heaven, and peace upon earth,
The angel's rejoice at a poor sinner's birth ;
Your sins are forgiven, my Saviour did say,
O witness, kind Heaven, on this my birth day.
- 6 My soul it was humbled, I fell to the ground,
The time of refreshing at length I have found :
O Lord, thou hast ravish'd my soul with thy charms,
Let me die now like Simeon, with Christ in my arms.

HYMN 53.

The backslider's prayer.

- 1 JESUS, let thy pitying eye
Call back a wand'ring sheep,
False to thee, like Peter, I
Would fain like Peter weep ;
Let me be by grace restor'd,
On me be all its freeness shown.
*Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.*
- 2 Saviour, Prince enthron'd above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me through thy dying love
The humble, contrite heart :
Give, what I have long implor'd,
A portion of thy love unknown.
Turn, and look, &c.
- 3 See me, my Saviour, from above,
Nor suffer me to die ;
Life, and happiness, and love,
Smile in thy gracious eye :
Speak the reconciling word,
And let thy mercy melt me down :
Turn, and look, &c.

- 4 Look, as when thy weeping eye
 The bloody city view'd,
 Those who ston'd and doom'd to die
 The prophets of their God :
 I deserve their sad reward,
 But this my gracious day I own ;
Turn, and look, &c.
- 5 Look, as when thy grace beheld
 The harlot in distress,
 Dry'd her tears, her pardon seal'd,
 And bade her go in peace ;
 Fool, like her, and self abhorr'd,
 I at thy feet for mercy groan ;
Turn, and look, &c.
- 6 Look, as when condemn'd for them,
 Thou didst thy followers see,
 " Daughters of Jerusalem,
 " Weep for yourselves, not me ;"
 Am I by my God deplor'd,
 And shall I not myself bemoan ?
Turn, and look, &c.
- 7 Look, as when thy languid eye
 Was clos'd, that we might live ;
 " Father," at the point to die,
 My Saviour gasp'd, " forgive :"
 Surely with that dying word,
 He turns, and looks, and cries, " 'tis done !"
*O my bleeding, loving Lord,
 Thou break'st my heart of stone !*

HYMN 54.

*A brief description of the children of God.
 In a dialogue.*

- 1 WHAT poor despised company
 Of travellers are these,

- Who walk in yonder narrow way,
Along the rugged maze ?
- 2 Ah, these are of a royal line,
All children of a King ;
Heirs of immortal crowns divine,
And lo, for joy they sing.
- 3 Why do they then appear so mean ?
And why so much despis'd ?
Because of their rich robes unseen,
The world is not appriz'd.
- 4 But some of them seem poor, distress,
And lacking daily bread ;
Ah ! they're of boundless wealth possess'd,
With hidden manna fed.
- 5 But why keep they that narrow road,
That rugged thorny maze ?
Why, that's the way their Leader trod,
They love and keep his ways.
- 6 Why must they shun the pleasant path
That worldlings love so well ?
Because that is the road to death,
The open road to hell.
- 7 What, is there then no other road
To Salem's happy ground ?
Christ is the only way to God,
None other can be found.

HYMN 55.

Invitation to follow the Lamb.

- 1 HUMBLE souls, who seek salvation,
Thro' the Lamb's redeeming blood,
Hear the voice of revelation,
Tread the path that *Jesus* trod.

- Flee to him, your only Saviour,
 In his mighty name confide ;
 In the whole of your behaviour
 Own him as your sovereign guide :
- 2 Hear the bless'd Redeemer call you,
 Listen to his gracious voice ;
 Dread no ills that can befall you,
 While you make his ways your choice :
 Jesus says, " Let each believer -
 " Be baptized in my name ;"
 He himself, in Jordan's river,
 Was immers'd beneath the stream.
- 3 Plainly here his footsteps tracing,
 Follow him without delay ;
 Gladly his command embracing,
 Lo ! your Captain leads the way :
 View the rite with understanding ;
 Jesus' grave before you lies ;
 Be interr'd at his commanding ;
 After his example rise.

HYMN 56.

A Baptismal Hymn.

- 1 **THE** great Redeemer we adore,
 Who came, the lost to seek and save ;
 Went humbly down from Jordan's shore,
 To find a tomb beneath its wave !
- 2 " Thus it becomes us to fulfil
 " All righteousness," he meekly said :
 Why should we then to do his will,
 Or be asham'd, or be afraid !
- 3 With thee into thy wat'ry tomb,
 Lord, 'tis our glory to descend :
 'Tis wondrous grace that gives us room,
 To lie interr'd by such a friend.

- 4 Yet as the yielding wave gives way,
To let us see the light again ;
So on the resurrection day,
The bands of death prov'd weak and vain.
- 5 Thus when thou shalt again appear,
The gates shall open wide ;
Our dust thy mighty voice shall hear,
And rise and triumph at thy side.

HYMN 57.

Immersion.

- 1 **THUS** was the great Redeemer plung'd
In Jordan's swelling flood !
To shew he must be soon baptiz'd
In tears, and sweat, and blood.
- 2 Thus was his sacred body laid
Beneath the yielding wave,
Thus was his sacred body rais'd
Out of the liquid grave.
- 3 Lord, we thy precepts would obey,
In thy own footsteps tread !
Would die, be buried, rise with thee,
Our ever-living Head.

HYMN 58.

Admonition to Christian Duties.

- 1 **CHRISTIANS**, if your hearts be warm,
Ice and snow can do no harm ;
If by Jesus you are priz'd,
Rise, believe, and be baptiz'd.
- 2 Jesus drank the gall for you,
Bore the curse to mortals due ;
Children, prove your love to him,
Never fear the frozen stream.

- 3 Never shun the Saviour's cross,
All on earth is worthless dross ;
If the Saviour's love you feel,
Let the world behold your zeal.
- 4 Fire is good to warm the soul,
Water purifies the foul ;
Fire and water both agree,
Winter soldiers never flee.
- 5 Every season of the year,
Let your worship be sincere ;
When the storms prevent your roam,
Serve your gracious Lord at home.
- 6 Read his sacred word by day,
Ever watching, always pray ;
Meditate his law by night,
This will give you great delight.

HYMN 59.

Union Hymn.

- 1 FROM whence doth this union arise,
That hatred is conquer'd by love !
It fastens our soul in such ties,
As nature and time can't remove.
- 2 It cannot in Eden be found,
Nor yet in a Paradise lost ;
It grows on Immanuel's ground ;
And Jesus' rich blood it did cost.
- 3 My friends are so dear unto me,
Our hearts are united in love ;
Where Jesus is gone we shall be
In yonder bright mansions above.
- 4 O why then so loth for to part ?
Since there we shall all meet again :
Engrav'd on Immanuel's heart,
At a distance we cannot remain.

- 5 And when we shall see that bright day,
 And join with the angels above,
 There, free from these bodies of clay,
 We'll dwell with *Christ Jesus* above.
- 6 With *Jesus* we ever shall reign,
 And all his bright glories we'll see ;
 There sing *Hallelujah*, Amen !
 Amen, even so let it be.

HYMN 60.

Redemption in Christ.

- 1 COME, friends and relations, let's join heart and hand,
 The voice of the turtle is heard in our land !
 Let's all walk together, and follow the sound,
 And march to the place where redemption is found.
- 2 The place it is hidden, the place 'tis conceal'd,
 Nor can be known fully, until 'tis reveal'd ;
 The place is in Jesus, to him we will go,
 And there find redemption from sin, death and wo.
- 3 The place it is hidden, by reason of sin,
 For sinners see not the sad state they are in ;
 They're blinded, polluted, in prison and pain :
 O how can such rebels redemption obtain !
- 4 But if you feel wounded and bruis'd by the fall,
 Then look up to Jesus, 'tis you he doth call ;
 And if you are tempted to doubt or despair,
 Then come home to Jesus,—redemption is there.
- 5 And you, my dear brethren, that love my dear Lord,
 Who've witness'd free pardon by faith in his word,
 Let patience attend you wherever you be,
 Your Saviour hath given redemption most free.
- 6 Soon will the archangel the last trumpet sound,
 And wake all the dead that sleep under the ground ;
 The sound of that trumpet will bid you arise,
 To meet your redemption with joyful surprise.
- 7 O ! then loving Jesus our souls will receive,
 From bonds of corruption our bodies relieve ;
 Then we shall be perfect, and we shall be free :
 We'll sing of redemption wherever we be.

- 8 Redeemed from sin, and redemed from death,
 Redeem'd from corruption, redeem'd from the earth,
 Redeem'd from damnation, redeem'd from all wo;
 We'll sing of redemption wherever we go.
- 9 Redeem'd from all sin, and redeem'd from distress;
 The fruits of redemption no tongue can express;
 Redemption we owe to our Jesus's love;
 We'll sing sweet redemption in glory above.

HYMN 61.

Night Thought.

- 1 HOW can I sleep, when angels sing,
 And all the saints on high
 Cry glory to th' eternal King,
 The Lamb that once did die?
- 2 When guardian angels fill the room,
 And, hov'ring round my bed,
 Clap their glad wings in love to him
 Who is my glorious Head;
- 3 O how can I inactive lie,
 And thoughtless all the night,
 When those celestial spirits praise
 The Lord with all their might!
- 4 Those joyful spirits never sleep;
 Their love is always new;
 Then, O my soul, no longer cease
 To love and praise him too.
- 5 For I, of all the race that fell,
 Or all the heav'nly host,
 Have greatest cause with humble soul
 To love and praise him most.
- 6 Did God the Father love men so,
 As to bestow his Son
 A ransom, sinners to redeem,
 And save from wrath to come!

- 7 Did Jesus leave the Father's breast,
That heav'n of heav'ns on high,
And come to earth, this world of wo,
For guilty men to die ?
- 8 And has the Holy Ghost apply'd
The blood of Christ to me,
To cleanse my guilty soul from sin,
And set my spirit free ?
- 9 With me, O heav'n and earth admire,
Who am of all the race
The chiefest sinner, and deserve
In hell the hottest place.
- 10 Yet mercy here and truth can meet,
And God can justify,
Through Jesus Christ's most precious blood,
So vile a wretch as I.

PAUSE.

- 11 No longer then will I lie here,
But rise, to praise and pray ;
And join to sing, while I enjoy
A glimpse of heav'nly day.
- 12 I'll view the glories of the Lord,
And serve him all my days :
For what he in his essence is,
My soul shall sing his praise.
- 13 His glories bind my soul to him,
While them by faith I see,
For which adore him, O my soul,
And for his gifts to thee.
- 14 Thanks to the Father for the Son ;
To Christ for righteousness ;
And to the Holy Spirit, who
Bestow'd this heavenly dress.

- 15 Lord, give me strength to die to sin,
And run the Christian race ;
To live to God, and glorify
The riches of his grace.
- 16 My lovely Jesus, while on earth,
Arose before 'twas day,
And to a solitary place
Departed, there to pray.
- 17 I'll do as did my blessed Lord,
His footsteps I will trace ;
I long to meet him in the grove,
And view his smiling face.
- 18 And when my soul hath found my love,
I'll let him go no more ;
But bring him to my Father's house,
That all may him adore.
- 19 Now let all drowsiness be gone,
Let me enjoy my Lord,
And let my mind be swallow'd up
In his eternal word.
- 20 If meditations all divine
At midnight fill my soul,
Sleep shall no longer all my pow'rs,
And faculties control ;
- 21 But I'll arise, and sing, and pray,
And spend such hours of joy
In praising him whose glorious name
My heart and tongue employ.
- 22 Yet if my nature should require
In sleep a little rest ;
Dear Jesus, let it be no more
Than thou shall think it best,

HYMN 62.

The Christian's Farewell.

- 1 FAREWELL, my dear brethren, the time is at hand,
That we must be parted from this social band ;
Our several engagements do call us away,
Separation is needful, and we must obey.
- 2 Farewell, loving Christians, farewell for a while,
We'll soon meet again if kind Heaven should smile ;
And while we are parted and scatter'd abroad,
We'll pray for each other, and wrestle with God.
- 3 Farewell, faithful soldiers, you'll soon be discharged,
The war is just ended, the treasure's enlarged ;
With singing and shouting, though Jordan may roar,
We'll enter fair Canaan, and rest on the shore.
- 4 Farewell, ye young converts, who have listed for war,
Sore trials await you, but Jesus is near ;
And though you must walk through this dark wilder-
Your Captain's before you, he'll lead you to peace.[ness,
- 5 The world, flesh and Satan, and hell all unite,
And bold persecutors will strive to affright—
Yet Jesus stands for you, he's greater than they,
Let this thought inspire you, to march on the way.
- 6 Farewell, seeking mourners, with sad broken hearts,
O haste to know Jesus, and seek the good part ;
He's full of compassion, and mighty to save,
His arms are extended your souls to receive.
- 7 Farewell, careless sinner, for you I do mourn,
To think on your danger, and your unconcern ;
I've heard of a judgment where all must appear ;
O there you'll stand trembling with tormenting fear !
- 8 Your frolicks and pastime, in which you delight,
Will serve to torment you in that dreadful fright ;
You'll think on the sermons which you've heard in vain,
When hope's gone forever of hearing again.
- 9 Farewell, faithful pilgrims, farewell, all around,
Perhaps we'll not meet till the last trump shall sound ;
To meet you in glory I give you my hand,
The Saviour to praise in a pure social band.

HYMN—After Experiences.

- 1 DEAR Saviour, we rejoice to hear
 Poor sinners sweetly tell,
 How thou art pleas'd to save from sin,
 From sorrow, death and hell.
 - 2 Lord, we unite to praise thy name
 For grace so freely given ;
 Still may they keep in Zion's road,
 And dwell at last in heaven.
-

HYMN 63.

Tempted—but flying to CHRIST the Refuge.

- 1 JESUS, lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the raging billows roll,
 While the tempest still is high !
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 'Till the storm of life is past ;
 Safe into the haven guide ;
 O receive my soul at last !
- 2 Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee ;
 Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me :
 All my trust on thee is stay'd,
 All my help from thee I bring ;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O *Christ*, art all I want ;
 All in All in thee I find :
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind :

Just and holy is thy name,
 I am all unrighteousness,
 Vile and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

- 4 Plenteous grace with thee is found.
 Grace to pardon all my sin ;
 Let the healing streams abound ;
 Make and keep me pure within,
 Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of thee :
 Spring thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

HYMN 64.

Longing for the spread of the Gospel.

- 1 O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
 Look, my soul, be still and gaze,
 All the promises do travail
 With a glorious day of grace.
 Blessed Jubilee,
 Let thy glorious morning dawn.
- 2 Let the Indian, let the Negro,
 Let the rude Barbarian see,
 That divine and glorious conquest,
 Once obtain'd on Calvary ;
 Let the Gospel
 Loud resound from pole to pole.
- 3 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
 Grant them, Lord, the glorious light,
 And from eastern coast to western,
 May the morning chase the night,
 And redemption
 Freely purchas'd, win the day.

- 4 May the glorious day approaching,
 From eternal darkness dawn,
 And the everlasting gospel,
 Spread abroad thy holy name ;
 All the borders
 Of the great *Immanuel's* land.
- 5 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel,
 Win and conquer, never cease ;
 May thy lasting wide dominions
 Multiply and still increase :
 Sway the sceptre
 Saviour, all the world around.
-

HYMN 65.

Salvation.

- 1 SALVATION ! oh, the joyful sound !
 'Tis pleasure to our ears ;
 A sovereign balm for every wound,
 A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Buried in sorrow, and in sin,
 At hell's dark door we lay ;
 But we arise by grace divine
 To see a heavenly day.
- 3 Salvation ! let the echo fly
 The spacious earth around,
 While all the armies of the sky
 Conspire to raise the sound.
-

HYMN 66.

The slow traveller.

- 1 OH ! happy soul, how fast you go,
 And leave me here behind ;
 Don't stop for me, for now I see
 The Lord is just and kind.

- 2 Go on, go on, my soul says go,
And I'll come after you ;
Though I'm behind, yet I can find,
I'll sing hosanna too.
- 3 God give you strength that you may run,
And keep your footsteps right ;
Though fast you go, and I so slow,
You are not out of sight,
- 4 When you get to those worlds above,
And all their glories see ;
When you get home, your work is done,
Then look you out for me.
- 5 For I will come fast as I can,
Along this way I'll steer ;
Lord, give me strength, I shall at length
Be one among you there.
- 6 There altogether we shall be,
Together we shall sing ;
Together shall we praise our God,
Our everlasting King.
- 7 When we've been there ten thousand years
Bright shining like the sun ;
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we first begun.

HYMN 67.

The pilgrim's farewell.

- 1 LET us rise and go to Zion's hill,
Where all the peace and glory dwell,
And sit and sing to God our King,
And praise his name forevermore.

CHORUS.

*I'll march to Canaan's land,
I'll land on Canaan's shore,*

*Where pleasures never end,
And troubles come no more ;
I'll go and see what joys are there.*

- 2 Fare you well, my friends, I must be gone,
I have no home nor stay with you,
I'll take my staff and travel on,
Till I a better world can view.

*I'll march, &c.
Farewell, my loving friends, farewell.*

- 3 Happy soul, just gone from earth to heaven,
He flies to distant worlds above,
No more in this poor house of clay,
He dwells with God around the throne.

*I'll march, &c.
Where pain and death can never come.*

- 4 We will go, like him, to see our God,
And change this earth for heaven above ;
Come, dry your tears, Christ is your friend,
He came to save poor sinful men.

*I'll march, &c.
In him our sorrows soon will end.*

- 5 Travel on to blest eternity,
Where Jesus waits for us to come,
In death's dark gloom shout victory,
And rise to your eternal home.

*I'll march, &c.
Where fear and change shall be no more.*

- 6 Golden joys above, where Jesus dwells,
His love is full for every saint,
Fountain of life immortal flows,
Through heavenly worlds without restraint.

*I'll march, &c.
All's mine, if faithful here below.*

HYMN 68.

Advice to youth; or, old age and death in an unconverted state.

- 1 NOW in the heat of youthful blood,
Remember your Creator, God ;
Behold the months come hastening on,
When you shall say, " My joys are gone."
- 2 Behold the aged sinner goes,
Laden with guilt and heavy woes,
Down to the regions of the dead,
With endless curses on his head.
- 3 The dust returns to dust again ;
The soul, in agonies of pain,
Ascends to God ; not there to dwell,
But hears her doom, and sinks to hell.
- 4 Eternal King ! I fear thy name ;
Teach me to know how frail I am ;
And when my soul must hence remove,
Give me a mansion in thy love.

HYMN 69.

Christian Union.

- 1 ATTEND, ye saints, and hear me tell
The wonders of Immanuel,
Who sav'd me from a burning hell,
And brought my soul with him to dwell,
And feel a blessed *Union*.
- 2 When first he view'd me from on high,
And saw my soul in ruin lie,
He look'd on me with pitying eye,
And said to me as he pass'd by,
With God you have no *Union*.
- 3 Then I began to mourn and cry ;
I look'd this way and that to fly ;

It griev'd me sore that I must die ;
 Salvation then I strove to buy :
 But still I had no *Union*.

4 But when my Saviour took me in,
 And with his blood did wash me clean,
 'Twas then I hated ev'ry sin ;
 And O what seasons I have seen,
 Since I have felt this *Union* !

5 I prais'd the Lord both night and day ;
 From house to house I went to pray ;
 And if I met one on the way,
 I always had some word to say
 About this blessed *Union*.

6 I wonder why old saints don't sing,
 And praise the Lord upon the wing,
 And make the heavenly arches ring,
 With loud hosannas to their King,
 Who brought their souls to *Union*.

7 Return, backsliders, come away,
 And learn to do as well as say ;
 Be careful that you watch and pray ;
 Come bear your cross from day to day,
 And then you'll feel this *Union*.

8 We soon shall break all nature's ties,
 On wings of love our souls shall rise,
 And shout salvation through the skies,
 And gain the mark and win the prize,
 And feel a heav'nly *Union*.

9 Soon all the saints, now here below,
 Will leave these climes of pain and wo,
 And they will home to glory go,
 And then they'll see, and hear, and know,
 And feel, this heav'nly *Union*.

10 Then we the glorious Lamb shall see,
 Who groan'd and dy'd upon the tree,

And spilt his blood for you and me,
That we might his salvation see,
And feel this glorious *Union*.

11 When we recount life's dangers o'er,
Review the labours which we bore,
And see ourselves safe on the shore,
With love our Conqu'ror we'll adore,
And feel increasing *Union*.

12 When countless years have roll'd away,
Our vigour suff'ring no decay,
We'll all as one with rapture say,
We still remember well the day
Our souls first felt this *Union*.

13 Hail, glorious Jesus ! reign on high :
'Tis thou that brought us rebels nigh :
We'll shout redemption through the sky,
And praise thee to eternity,
For such a glorious *Union*.

14 The host of heaven will all agree
In rapturous strains of praise to thee,
Shouting, *Eternal glory be*
To Three in One, and One in Three,
For such an endless *Union*.

HYMN 70.

Walking with God.

1 O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame ;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb !

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the *Lord* ?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of *Jesus* and his word ?

- 3 What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd ?
 How sweet their mem'ry still !
 But now I find an aching void,
 The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
 Sweet messenger of rest !
 I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
 And drove thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
 Whate'er that idol be,
 Help me to tear it from thy throne,
 And worship only thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with *God*,
 Calm and serene my frame ;
 So purer light shall mark the road
 That leads me to the Lamb.
-

HYMN 71.

The voice of free grace.

- 1 THE voice of free grace, cries, escape to the mountain,
 For Adam's lost race, Christ has open'd a fountain,
 For sin, and transgression, and every pollution ;
 The blood flows most freely in streams of salvation.
*Hallelujah to the Lamb who has bless'd us with pardon,
 And we'll praise him again when we pass over Jordan.*
- 2 This fountain so clear, in which all may find pardon,
 From Jesus's side flows a plenteous redemption ;
 Though your sins were as great and high as a mountain,
 The blood it flows freely, in streams of salvation.
Hallelujah, &c.
- 3 O Jesus, ride on ! thy kingdom is glorious ;
 Over sin, death, and hell thou wilt make us victorious :
 Thy name shall be prais'd in the great congregation,
 And saints shall delight in ascribing salvation.
Hallelujah, &c.

- 4 When on Zion we stand, having gain'd the blest shore,
 With our harps in our hands, we will praise evermore ;
 We'll range the blest fields, on the banks of the river,
 And sing hallelujah forever and ever.
Hallelujah, &c.

HYMN 72.

Come and welcome to Jesus Christ.

- 1 COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore ;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
 Full of pity join'd with power :
 He is able,
 He is willing : Doubt no more !
- 2 Come, ye thirsty, come, and welcome ;
God's free bounty glorify :
 True belief and true repentance,
 Every grace that brings us nigh—
 Without money,
 Come to *Jesus Christ* and buy.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream ;
 All the *fitness* he requireth,
 Is to feel your need of him :
 This he gives you ;
 'Tis his *Spirit's* rising beam.
- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
 Lost and ruin'd by the fall !
 If you tarry till you're better,
 You will never come at all :
 Not the righteous,
 Sinners *Jesus* came to call.
- 5 View him prostrate in the garden ;
 On the ground your *Maker* lies !
 On the bloody tree behold him ;
 Hear him cry, before he dies,

“ It is *Finish'd* ;”

Sinner, will not *this* suffice ?

- 6 Lo, th' incarnate *God* ascended,
 Pleads the merit of his blood :
 Venture on him, venture wholly,
 Let no other trust intrude :
 None but *Jesus*
 Can do helpless sinners good.
- 7 Saints and angels join'd in concert,
 Sing the praises of the *Lamb* ;
 While the blissful seats of heaven
 Sweetly echo with his name.
 Hallelujah !
 Sinners *here* may sing the same.
-

HYMN 73.

Consolation of Israel.

- 1 COME, thou long-expected *Jesus*,
 Born to set thy people free,
 From our fears and sins release us,
 Let us find our rest in thee.
- 2 Israel's strength and consolation,
 Hope of all the saints thou art,
 Dear desire of every nation,
 Joy of every longing heart.
- 3 Born thy people to deliver,
 Born a child and yet a King,
 Born to reign in us forever,
 Now thy gracious kingdom bring.
- 4 By thine own eternal Spirit
 Rule in all our hearts alone ;
 By thine all sufficient merit
 Raise us to thy glorious throne.

HYMN 74.

The weary traveller.

- 1 COME, all ye weary travellers,
Now let us join and sing
The everlasting praises—
Of Jesus our great King.
We've had a tedious journey,
And tiresome it is true ;
But see how many dangers
The Lord has brought us through !
- 2 At first when Jesus found us,
He call'd us unto him,
And pointed out the danger
Of falling into sin.
The world, the flesh and satan,
Would prove a hurtful snare,
Unless we did reject them
By faith and humble prayer.
- 3 But by our disobedience,
With sorrow we confess,
We have had long to wander
In a dark wilderness ;
Where we might long have fainted,
In that enchanted ground,
But now and then a cluster
Of pleasant grapes we found.
- 4 The pleasant fruits of Canaan
Give life, and joy, and peace,
Revive our drooping spirits,
And love and strength increase :
To own our Lord and Master,
And run at his command,
And hasten on our journey,
Unto the promis'd land.
- 5 In faith, and hope, and patience,
We often do rejoice,

And Jesus and his people
 Forever are our choice.
 In peace and consolation
 We now are going on,
 The pleasant road to Canaan,
 Where Jesus Christ is gone.

6 Sinners, why stand ye idle,
 While we thus march along?
 Has Jesus never told you,
 That you are going wrong,
 Down the broad road to darkness,
 To bear a dreadful curse?
 Forsake your ways of sinning,
 And come and go with us.

7 But if you will refuse it,
 We bid you all farewell,
 We're on the road to Canaan,
 And you the road to hell;
 We're sorry thus to leave you,
 We'd rather you would go;
 Come, try a blessed Saviour,
 And see the waters flow.

8 Now to the King immortal,
 Be everlasting praise,
 For in his holy service,
 We long to spend our days,
 Till we arrive at Canaan,
 The glorious world above,
 With everlasting wonder
 To praise redeeming love.

HYMN 75.

Evening hymn.

1 THE day is past and gone,
 The evening shades appear;

O may we all remember well
The night of death draws near.

2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest ;
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what we here possess.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears ;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

4 And if we early rise,
And view th' unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.

5 And when our days are past,
And we from time remove ,
O may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

HYMN 76.

The birth of Christ.

- 1 MORTALS, awake, with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay ;
Joy, love, and gratitude combine,
To hail th' auspicious day.
- 2 In heav'n the rapt'rous song began,
While sweet seraphic fire
Thro' all the shining legions ran,
And tun'd the golden lyre.
- 3 Swift thro' the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo roll'd ;
The theme, the song, the joy was new—
'Twas more than heaven could hold.

- 4 Down thro' the portals of the sky
 Th' impetuous torrent ran ;
 And angels flew with eager joy
 To bear the news to man.
- 5 Wrapt in the silence of the night
 Lay all the eastern world,
 When bursting, glorious, heav'nly light
 The wondrous scene unfurl'd.
- 6 Hark ! the cherubic armies shout,
 And glory leads the song :
 Good will and peace are heard throughout
 Th' harmonious, heav'nly throng.
- [7 Hail, Prince of life, forever hail !
 Redeemer, brother, friend !
 Tho' earth, and time, and life should fail,
 Thy praise shall never end.]
-

HYMN 77.

Brotherly love.

- 1 **KINDRED** in Christ, for his dear sake,
 A hearty welcome here receive ;
 May we together now partake
 The joys which only he can give.
- 2 To you and me by grace 'tis given,
 To know the Saviour's precious name,
 And shortly we shall meet in heav'n,
 Our hope, our way, our end the same.
- 3 May he, by whose kind care we meet,
 Send his good Spirit from above ;
 Make our communication sweet,
 And cause our heart to burn with love.
- 4 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
 When christians meet together thus ;
 We only wish to speak of him,
 Who liv'd, and dy'd, and reigns for us.

- 5 We'll talk of all he did, and said,
 And suffer'd for us here below ;
 The path he mark'd for us to tread,
 And what he's doing for us now.
- 6 Thus, as the moments pass away,
 We'll live, and wonder, and adore,
 And hasten on the glorious day,
 When we shall meet to part no more.
-

HYMN 78.

Love of Christ.

- 1 TO our Redeemer's glorious name
 Awake the sacred song !
 O may his love (immortal flame !)
 Tune ev'ry heart and tongue !
- 2 His love, what mortal thought can reach !
 What mortal tongue display !
 Imagination's utmost stretch
 In wonder dies away.
- 3 Let wonder still with love unite,
 And gratitude and joy ;
 Jesus be our supreme delight,
 His praise our best employ.
- 4 Jesus, who left his throne on high,
 Left the bright realms of bliss,
 And came to earth to bleed and die :—
 Was ever love like this ?
- 5 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
 Our humble thanks to thee ;
 May ev'ry heart with rapture say,
 " The Saviour dy'd for *me* !"
- 6 O may the sweet, the blissful theme,
 Fill ev'ry heart and tongue !
 Till strangers love thy charming name ;
 And join the sacred song.

HYMN 79.

Eternity joyful and tremendous.

- 1 ETERNITY is just at hand :
And shall I waste my ebbing sand,
And careless view departing day,
And throw my inch of time away ?
 - 2 Eternity, tremendous sound !
To guilty souls a dreadful wound ;
But O ! if *Christ* and heaven be mine,
How sweet the accents, how divine !
 - 3 Be this my chief, my only care,
My high pursuit, my ardent prayer,
An interest in the Saviour's blood,
My pardon seal'd and peace with *God*.
 - 4 But should my brightest hope be vain,
The rising doubt, how sharp its pain !
My fears, O gracious *God* remove,
Speak me an object of thy love.
 - 5 Search, *Lord*, O search my inmost heart,
And light, and hope, and joy impart ;
From guilt and error set me free,
And guide me safe to heaven and thee.
-

HYMN 80.

The Request.

- 1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss,
Thy sov'reign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise ;
- 2 " Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From ev'ry murmur free ;

The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

- 3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine,
My life and death attend ;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end."

HYMN 81.

Reading the Scriptures.

- 1 GREAT God, opprest with grief and fear,
I take thy book, and hope to find
Some gracious word of promise there,
To sooth the sorrows of my mind :
- 2 I turn the sacred volume o'er,
And search with care from page to page ;
Of threat'nings find an ample store,
But nought that can my grief assuage.
- 3 And is there nought ? forbid, dear Lord,
So base a thought should e'er arise ;
I'll search again, and while I search,
O may the scales fall off mine eyes !
- 4 'Tis done : and with transporting joy,
I read the heav'n-inspired lines ;
There mercy spreads its brightest beams,
And truth with dazzling lustre shines.
- 5 Here's heav'nly food for hungry souls,
And mines of gold t'enrich the poor :
Here's healing balm for ev'ry wound,
A salve for ev'ry festering sore.

HYMN 82.

*Difficulties, in the way of duty surmounted—
Hinder me not, Gen. xxiv. 56*.*

- 1 [WHEN Abram's servant to procure
A wife for Isaac went,

* This Hymn may begin at the 6th verse.

- He met Rebekah—told his wish,—
Her parents gave consent.
- 2 Yet for ten days they urg'd the man
His journey to delay ;
“ *Hinder me not,*” he quick reply'd,
“ Since *God* hath crown'd my way.”
- 3 'Twas thus I cry'd, when *Christ* the *Lord*,
My soul to him did wed ;
“ *Hinder me not,* nor friends nor foes,
Since *God* my way hath sped.”
- 4 “ Stay,” says the world, “ and taste a while
“ My every pleasant sweet ;”
“ *Hinder me not,*” my soul replies,
“ Because the way is great.”
- 5 “ Stay,” satan, my old master cries,
“ Or force shall thee detain ;”
“ *Hinder me not,* I will be gone.
“ My *God* has broke thy chain.”]
- 6 In all my *Lord's* appointed ways,
My journey I'll pursue ;
Hinder me not, ye much lov'd saints,
For I must go with you.
- 7 Thro' floods and flames if *Jesus* lead,
I'll follow where he goes ;
Hinder me not, shall be my cry,
Tho' earth and hell oppose.
- 8 Thro' duty, and thro' trials too
I'll go at his command ;
Hinder me not, for I am bound,
To my *Immanuel's* land.
- 9 And when my *Saviour* calls me home,
Still this my cry shall be,
Hinder me not, come welcome death,
I'll gladly go with thee.

HYMN 83.

Secret prayer.

- 1 ALL those who seek a throne of grace,
Are sure to find in every place ;
To those who love a life of prayer,
Our God is present every where.
- 2 The shady grove or burning plain,
The blooming field or swelling main,
Alike are sweet in *secret prayer*,
For God is present every where.
- 3 In pining sickness, rosy health,
In poverty or growing wealth,
The humble soul delights in prayer,
And God is present every where.
- 4 When Zion mourns and comforts fail,
And all her foes do scoff and rail,
'Tis *then* a time for *secret prayer*,
For God is present every where.
- 5 When some backslide, and others fall,
And few are found who strive at all ;
The faithful find in *secret prayer*,
That God is present every where.
- 6 Come, then, my soul, in every strait,
To Jesus come, and on him wait ;
He sees and hears each secret sigh,
And brings his own salvation nigh.

 HYMN 84.

The presence of God the only comfort in affliction.

- 1 IN vain, while dark affliction spreads
Her melancholy gloom,
Kind providence its blessings sheds
And nature's beauties bloom :

- 2 For all that charms the taste or sight
 My heart no wish respires ;
 O for a beam of heavenly light
 When earthly hope expires !
- 3 Thou only centre of my rest,
 Look down with pitying eye,
 While with protracted pain oppress
 I breathe the plaintive sigh.
- 4 Thy gracious presence, O my God,
 My every wish contains,
 With this, beneath affliction's load,
 My heart no more complains.
- 5 This can my every care control,
 Gild each dark scene with light,
 This is the sunshine of the soul,
 Without it all is night.
- 6 My Lord, my life, O cheer my heart
 With thy reviving ray,
 And bid these mournful shades depart,
 And bring the dawn of day !
- 7 O happy scenes of pure delight !
 Where thy full beams impart
 Unclouded beauty to the sight,
 And rapture to the heart.
- 8 Her part in those fair realms of bliss
 My spirit longs to know :
 My wishes terminate in this,
 Nor can they rest below.
- 9 Lord, shall the breathings of my heart
 Aspire in vain to thee ?
 Confirm my hope, that where thou art
 I shall forever be.
- 10 Then shall my cheerful spirit sing
 The darksome hours away,
 And rise on faith's expanded wing,
 To everlasting day.

HYMN 85.

Compassion.

- 1 DID Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.
 - 2 The Son of God in tears,
Angels with wonder see!
Be thou astonish'd, O my soul,
He shed those tears for thee.
 - 3 He wept that we might weep,
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.
-

HYMN 86.

At the opening of a conference meeting.

- 1 WITHIN these doors assembled now,
We wait thy blessing, Lord!
Appear within the midst we pray,
According to thy word.
- 2 May some sweet promise be apply'd
When we attempt to read:
For this alone can give support
In all our times of need.
- 3 O breathe upon our lifeless souls,
And raise our drooping hearts;
That we may see thy smiling face
Ere we from hence depart.
- 4 And now, dear Saviour, when we pray,
Be thou thyself so near,
If Satan fright our trembling souls,
Thy mercy may appear.

- 5 Behold thy lambs, and bear them, Lord,
 Upon thy gracious breast :
 And gently lead inquiring souls
 To view the promis'd rest.
- 6 And now, O blessed Spirit, come,
 We long to see thee move ;
 O, north wind, blow, and breathe, O south,
 And fill the place with love.
-

HYMN 87.

The pearl of great price.

- 1 YE glittering toys of earth, adieu,
 A nobler choice be mine ;
 A real prize attracts my view,
 A treasure all divine.
- 2 Be gone, unworthy of my cares,
 Ye specious baits of sense ;
 Inestimable worth appears,
 The pearl of price immense.
- 3 Jesus, to multitudes unknown,
 O name divinely sweet !
 Jesus, in thee, in thee alone,
 Wealth, honour, pleasure meet.
- 4 Should both the Indies at my call
 Their boasted stores resign,
 With joy I would renounce them all,
 For leave to call thee mine.
- 5 Should earth's vain treasures all depart,
 Of this dear gift possess'd,
 I'd clasp it to my joyful heart,
 And be forever bless'd.
- 6 Dear Sov'reign of my soul's desires,
 Thy love is bliss divine ;
 Accept the wish that love inspires,
 And bid me call thee mine.

HYMN 88.

At the meeting of friends.

- 1 WELL met, dear friends, in Jesus' name ;
Come, let us now rejoice,
While we our Saviour's praise proclaim
With cheerful heart and voice.
- 2 But ah ! dear Jesus, Lamb of God,
Send down the heavenly Dove ;
Thy blessing now diffuse abroad,
And warm our hearts with love.
- 3 In vain, dear Saviour, here we meet,
Except thy face we see ;
Thy presence makes a heaven most sweet,
Whene'er we meet with thee.
- 4 A dungeon shews a heavenly dawn,
When there with thee we dwell ;
But when thy presence is withdrawn,
A palace proves a hell.
- 5 Then, O dear Jesus, condescend
To meet us with a smile ;
Thy Spirit's quick'ning power send
And purge our hearts from guile :
- 6 That at the close each one may say,
" We met not here in vain ;
For we have tasted heaven to-day,
Nor could we more contain."

HYMN 89.

Prayer for a Revival.

- 1 SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation,
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain ;
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again :
Lord, revive us,
All our help must come from thee.

- 2 Keep no longer at a distance
Shine upon us from on high ;
Lest, for want of thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die ; *Lord, &c.*
- 3 Surely once thy garden flourish'd,
Every part look'd gay and green ;
Then thy word our spirits nourish'd,
Happy seasons we have seen ! *Lord, &c.*
- 4 [But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see :
Lord, thy help is greatly needed,
Help can only come from thee : *Lord, &c.*
- 5 Where are those we counted leaders,
Fill'd with zeal, and love, and truth ?
Old professors, tall as cedars,
Bright examples to our youth ! *Lord, &c.*
- 6 Some in whom we once delighted,
We shall meet no more below,
Some, alas ! we fear are blighted,
Scarce a single leaf they show : *Lord, &c.*
- 7 Younger plants—the sight how pleasant,
Cover'd thick with blossoms stood ;
But they cause us grief at present,
Frosts havenipp'd them in the bud ! *Lord, &c.*
- 8 Dearest Saviour, hasten hither,
Thou canst make them bloom again ;
Oh, permit them not to wither,
Let not all our hopes be vain : *Lord, &c.*
- 9 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayers ;
Let each one, esteem'd thy servant,
Shun the world's bewitching snares : *Lord, &c.*
- 10 Break the tempter's fatal power,
Turn the stony heart to flesh :

And begin from this good hour,
 To revive thy work afresh :
 Lord, revive us,
 All our help must come from thee.

HYMN—APOSTACY.

Will ye also go away ?

- 1 WHEN any turn from Zion's way,
 (Alas ! what numbers do !)
 Methinks I hear my Saviour say,
 " Wilt thou forsake me too ?"
- 2 Ah, Lord ! with such a heart as mine,
 Unless thou hold me fast,
 I feel I must, I shall decline,
 And prove like them at last.
- 3 Yet thou alone hast power, I know,
 To save a wretch like me ;
 To whom, or whither, could I go,
 If I should turn from thee ?
- 4 Beyond a doubt I rest assur'd
 Thou art the *Christ of God* ;
 Who hast eternal life secur'd
 By promise and by blood.
- 5 The help of men and angels join'd,
 Could never reach my case :
 Nor can I hope relief to find,
 But in thy boundless grace.
- 6 No voice but thine can give me rest,
 And bid my fears depart ;
 No love but thine can make me bless'd,
 And satisfy my heart.
- 7 What anguish has that question stirr'd,
 If I will also go ?
 Yet, Lord, relying on thy word,
 I humbly answer, No !

HYMN 90.

I will not let thee go, except thou bless me.
Gen. xxxii. 26.

- 1 LORD, I cannot let thee go,
Till a blessing thou bestow ;
Do not turn away thy face,
Mine's an urgent pressing case.
- 2 Dost thou ask me who I am ?
Ah, my Lord, thou know'st my name !
Yet the question gives a plea,
To support my suit with thee.
- 3 Thou didst once a wretch behold,
In rebellion blindly hold,
Scorn thy grace, thy power defy,
That poor rebel, Lord, was I.
- 4 Once a sinner near despair
Sought thy mercy-seat by prayer ;
Mercy heard and set him free :
Lord, that mercy came to me.
- 5 Many days have pass'd since then,
Many changes I have seen ;
Yet have been upheld till now,
Who could hold me up but thou ?
- 6 Thou hast help'd in every need,
This emboldens me to plead :
After so much mercy past,
Canst thou let me sink at last ?
- 7 No—I must maintain my hold,
'Tis thy goodness makes me bold ;
I can no denial take,
When I plead for Jesus' sake.

HYMN 91.

*The grove ; or, Christ our guide through death
to glory.*

- 1 GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim, through this barren land ;
I am weak, but thou art mighty ;
Hold me with thy powerful hand ;
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open, Lord, the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow ;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through :
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside :
Death of deaths, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side :
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

HYMN 92.

I know that my Redeemer lives.

- 1 " I know that my Redeemer lives ;"
What comfort this sweet sentence gives—
He lives, he lives, who once was dead,
He lives my ever living Head !
- 2 He lives, triumphant from the grave,
He lives, eternally to save ;
He lives, all glorious in the sky,
He lives, exalted far on high !
- 3 He lives, to bless me with his love,
He lives, to plead my cause above ;
He lives, my hungry soul to feed,
He lives, to help in time of need.

- 4 He lives, to grant me full supplies,
He lives, to bless me with his eyes ;
He lives, to comfort me when faint,
He lives, to hear my soul's complaint.
- 5 He lives, to crush the powers of hell,
He lives, that he may in me dwell ;
He lives, to heal and keep me whole,
He lives, to guide my feeble soul.
- 6 He lives, to banish all my fears,
He lives, to wipe away my tears ;
He lives, to calm my troubled heart,
He lives, all blessings to impart.
- 7 He lives, my kind and gracious friend,
He lives, and loves me to the end ;
He lives, and while he lives I'll sing,
He lives, my Prophet, Priest, and King.
- 8 He lives, and grants me daily breath,
He lives, to conquer sin and death ;
He lives, my mansion to prepare,
He lives, to bring me safely there.
- 9 He lives, all glory to his name,
He lives, my Jesus still the same ;
O ! the sweet joy this sentence gives,
" I know that my Redeemer lives."

HYMN 93.

Welcome Cross.

- 1 'TIS my happiness below,
Not to live without the cross ;
But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss.
- 2 Trials must and will befall ;
But with humble faith to see
Love inscrib'd upon them all,
This is happiness to me.

- 3 God in Israel sows the seeds
Of affliction, pain, and toil ;
These spring up and choke the weeds,
Which would else o'erspread the soil.
- 4 Trials make the promise sweet,
Trials give new life to prayer ;
Trials bring me to his feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there.
- 5 Did I meet no trials here,
No chastisement by the way,
Might I not with reason fear,
I should prove a cast-away ?
- 6 Bastards may escape the rod,
Sunk in earthly vain delight,
But the true born child of God
Must not, would not, if he might.

HYMN 94.

To-day.

- 1 TO-DAY, if you will hear his voice,
This is the time to make your choice ;
Say, will you to Mount Zion go ?
Say, will you have this Christ, or no ?
- 2 Say, will you be forever blest,
And with this blessed Jesus rest ?
Will you be sav'd from guilt and pain ?
Will you with Christ forever reign ?
- 3 Make now your choice, and halt no more,
For now he's waiting for the poor ;
Say now, poor soul, what will you do ?
Say, will you have this Christ or no ?
- 4 Say now, young men for ruin bound,
Amidst the Gospel's joyful sound ;
Come, go with us, and seek to prove,
The joys of Christ's redeeming love.

- 5 Your sports, with all your glittering toys,
Compar'd with our celestial joys,
Like momentary dreams appear ;
Come, go with us, your souls are dear.
- 6 Or must we leave you bound to hell ?
Resolv'd with devils there to dwell ;
Still we will weep, lament and cry,
That God would change you ere you die.
- 7 Young ladies, now we look to you,
Are you resolv'd to perish too ?
To rush in carnal pleasure on,
And sink in flaming ruin down ?
- 8 Then, O young friends, a long farewell,
We're bound to heaven, and you to hell ;
Still God may hear us while we pray,
And change you ere the burning day.
- 9 Once more I ask you in his name—
I know his love remains the same—
Say, will you to Mount Zion go ?
Say, will you have this Christ or no ?
- 10 Come you that love th' incarnate God,
And feel redemption in his blood ;
Let's watch and pray, and travel on,
Till Jesus comes to call us home.
- 11 A few more days, and we shall go
From all our fears and cares below ;
In shouts of triumph we shall fly,
To dwell with Christ eternally.

HYMN 95.

Day of Judgment.

DAY of Judgment, day of wonders !

Hark, the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round ;

How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound !

- 2 See the Judge our nature wearing,
Cloth'd in majesty divine !
You who long for his appearing,
Then shall say, " This God is mine !"
Gracious Saviour,
Own me in that day for thine.
- 3 At his call, the dead awaken,
Rise to live from earth and sea :
All the powers of nature, shaken
By his looks, prepare to flee :
Careless sinner,
What will then become of thee ?
- 4 Horrors, past imagination,
Will surprise your trembling heart,
When you hear your condemnation,
" Hence, accursed wretch, depart !
" Thou with satan,
" And his angels, have thy part."
- 5 But to those who have confessed,
Lov'd and serv'd the *Lord* below ;
He will say, " Come near, ye blessed,
" See the kingdom I bestow ;
" You forever
" Shall my love and glory know."
- 6 Under sorrows and reproaches,
May this thought our courage raise !
Swiftly *God's* great day approaches,
Sighs shall then be chang'd to praise :
May we triumph
When the world is in a blaze.

HYMN 96.

Judgment.

- 1 **LO !** he comes with clouds descending,
Once for favour'd sinners slain ;
Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train :
Hallelujah,
Jesus now shall ever reign.
- 2 Every eye shall now behold him,
Rob'd in dreadful majesty ;
Those who set at naught and sold him,
Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the great Messiah see.
- 3 Every island, sea, and mountain,
Heaven and earth, shall flee away :
All who hate him, must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day ;
Come to judgment !
Come to judgment ! Come away !
- 4 Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear !
All his saints by man rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air !
Hallelujah,
See the day of God appear !
- 5 Answer thine own bride and Spirit,
Hasten, Lord, the general doom !
The new heav'n and earth t' inherit,
Take thy pining exiles home :
All creation
Travails, groans, and bids thee come !

HYMN 97.

The harvest hymn.

- 1 THIS is the field, the world below,
In which the sower's come to sow ;
Jesus the wheat, Satan the tares,
For so the word of truth declares :
*And soon the reaping time will come,
And angels shout the harvest home.*
- 2 To love my sins, a saint appear,
To grow in wheat and be a tare—
May serve me while on earth below,
Where tares and wheat together grow :
*But soon the reaping time will come,
And angels shout the harvest home.*
- 3 Most awful truth, and is it so !
Must all mankind the harvest know ?
Is every man a wheat or tare ?
Me for the harvest, Lord, prepare :
*For soon the reaping time will come,
And angels shout the harvest home.*
- 4 Then all who truly righteous be,
Their Father's kingdom soon shall see ;
But tares in bundles shall be bound,
And cast in hell, O ! doleful sound !
*For soon the reaping time will come,
And angels shout the harvest home.*

HYMN 98.

The Saviour's merit.

- 1 SAVIOUR, I do feel thy merit,
Sprinkled with redeeming love,
And my weary, troubled spirit,
Now finds rest in thee, my God.
*Glory hallelujah, praise ye the Lord,
Praise him in his bright abode,*

2 I am safe and I am happy,
While in thy dear arms I lie,
Sin nor Satan cannot hurt me,
While my Saviour is so nigh.

Glory hallelujah, &c.

3 Now I'll sing my Saviour's merit,
Tell the world of his dear name ;
That if any want his spirit,
He is still the very same.

Glory hallelujah, &c.

4 He that asketh soon receiveth,
He that seeks is sure to find ;
Whosoe'er on him believeth,
He will never cast behind.

Glory hallelujah, &c.

5 Now our Advocate is pleading,
With his Father and our God,
And for us is interceding,
As the purchase of his blood.

Glory hallelujah, &c.

6 Now methinks I hear him praying,
Father, save them, I have died ;
And the Father answers, saying,
They are freely justified.

Glory hallelujah, &c.

7 Soon we hope to sing more sweetly,
At the marriage of the Lamb, -
When his bride is dress'd completely
Fit to celebrate the same.

Glory Hallelujah, &c.

8 O what shouts shall then be ringing
Round the throne of God most high !
And what sweet melodious singing,
Then shall echo through the sky !

Glory hallelujah, &c.

- 9 Glory, honour and thanksgiving,
 Be unto the Lord our King;
 O let every creature living,
 The Redeemer's praises sing !

Glory Hallelujah, &c.

HYMN 99.

Pilgrim's farewell.

- 1 PILGRIMS, with pleasure let us part,
 Since we are all bound up in heart;
 No length of days, nor distant place,
 Can ever break these bands of grace.
- 2 Parting with joy, we'll join to sing,
 The wonders of our Lord and King;
 Our distant bodies may remove,
 But nothing shall divide our love.
- 3 In vain may earth and hell combine,
 To quench that love which is divine;
 It will not cease with dying breath,
 Nor cool when we are cold in death.
- 4 Now join'd in love with Jesus' name,
 Let's part and fly to spread his fame;
 That other souls may leave their wo,
 And join with us in glory too.
- 5 And O ! a few more days and years,
 Will bring a period to our tears;
 And we shall reach that blissful shore,
 Where parting hours are known no more.
- 6 There shall our souls adore the hand,
 That led us through this desert land;
 Lose all our griefs, forget our pains,
 And join in everlasting strains.

HYMN 100.

An address to sailors.

- 1 YE sons of the main, ye that sail o'er the flood,
Whose sins, big as mountains, have reach'd up to God,
Remember, the short voyage of life soon will end ;
Now come, brother sailor, make Jesus your friend.
- 2 Look astern on your life ! see your wake mark'd with sin,
Look ahead ; see the torments you'll soon founder in ;
The hard rocks of death will soon beat out your keel,
And your vessel and cargo will all sink to hell.
- 3 Lay by your old compass, 'twill do you no good,
It ne'er will direct you the right way to God ;
Mind your helm, brother sailor, and don't fall asleep,
Watch and pray night and day, lest you sink in the deep.
- 4 Spring your luff, brother sailor, the breeze now is fair,
Trim your sails to the wind, and those torments you'll
Your leading star Jesus, keep full in your view, [clear ;
You'll weather the danger, he'll guide you safe through.
- 5 Renounce your old captain, the devil, straightway ;
The crew which you sail with, will lead you astray ;
Desert their black colours, come under the red,
Where Jesus is captain, to conquest he'll lead.
- 6 His standard's unfurl'd, see it wave through the air,
And volunteers coming from far off and near ;
Now's the time, brother sailor, no longer delay,
Embark now with Jesus, good wages he'll pay.
- 7 The bounty he'll give, when the voyage doth begin ;
He'll forgive your transgressions and cleanse you from
Good usage he'll give while you sail on the way, [sir :
And shortly you'll anchor in heaven's broad bay.
- 8 In the harbour of glory, forever you'll ride,
Free from quicksands & dangers, and sin's raging tide ;
Waves of death cease to roll, and the tempest be o'er,
And the hoarse breath of boreas dismast thee no more.
- 9 The tarpolin jacket no longer you'll wear,
But robes dipp'd in glory all clean, white, and fair ;
A crown on your head that will dazzle the sun,
And from glory to glory eternally run.

HYMN 101.

Rejoice in thy youth.

- 1 YOUNG man, indulge thy passion,
And lavish out thy youth
In every sinful fashion,
And don't regard the truth ;
Nor fear God's threatening ensigns,
But what you list, that do—
But know, that this is seed time—
There comes a harvest too.
- 2 When God shall send his angels
To reap his harvest down,
The tares he'll bind in bundles,
And flames shall clasp them round :
The pit will close upon them,
Shut up in keen despair,
And not a ray of sunbeam,
Shall ever reach them there.
- 3 Or are you at agreement,
In league with death and hell,
And by thy great achievement
Are sure that all is well ?
If you like God can thunder,
And hast the keys of hell,
I'll own you need not wonder,
If all at last is well.
- 4 But yet your glass is running,
And vengeance yet doth wait,
But soon the day is coming,
When it will be too late ;
The jubilee is sounding,
Then don't be found at last,
God's holy Spirit wounding,
And you in darkness cast.

- 5 Wisdom has spread her table,
 A dying Saviour's love,
 The feast is not a fable,
 By coming we may prove ;
 It leads to living fountains,
 Of overflowing grace,
 To Zion's fragrant mountains,
 Where God unveils his face.
- 6 Then come receive instruction,
 Ye children, and be wise,
 Before the wide destruction
 Shall sweep away your lies ;
 Lest you have this lamenting,
 When in your ruin'd state,
 I have delay'd repenting,
 And now it is too late.

HYMN 102.

Redeeming Love.

- 1 NOW begin the heavenly theme,
 Sing aloud in Jesus' name ;
 Ye, who his salvation prove,
 Triumph in redeeming love.
- 2 Ye who see the Father's grace
 Beaming in the Saviour's face,
 As to Canaan on you move,
 Praise and bless redeeming love.
- 3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
 Banish all your guilty fears,
 See your guilt and curse remove,
 Cancell'd by redeeming love.
- 4 Ye, alas ! who long have been,
 Willing slaves of death and sin,
 Now from bliss no longer rove,
 Stop and taste redeeming love.

- 5 Welcome all, by sin opprest,
Welcome to his sacred rest ;
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.
- 6 When his Spirit leads us home,
When we to his glory come,
We shall all the fulness prove,
Of our Lord's redeeming love.
- 7 He subdu'd th' infernal powers,
Whose tremendous foes of ours,
From their cursed empire drove ;
Mighty in redeeming love.
- 8 Hither then your music bring,
Strike aloud each cheerful string ;
Mortals, join the host above,
Join to praise redeeming love.

HYMN 103.

Finished Redemption.

- 1 HARK ! the voice of love and mercy,
Sound aloud from Calvary !
See ! it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky !
 " It is finish'd ! "
 Hear the dying Saviour cry !
- 2 It is finish'd ! O what pleasure
Do these charming words afford !
Heavenly blessings without measure,
Flow to us from *Christ the Lord*.
 It is finish'd !
 Saints, the dying word record.
- 3 Finish'd all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law !

Finish'd all that God had promis'd ;
 Death and hell no more shall awe.

It is finish'd !

Saints from hence your comforts draw.

- 4 [Happy souls, approach the table,
 Taste the soul's reviving food ;
 Nothing's half so sweet and pleasant
 As the Saviour's flesh and blood.

It is finish'd !

Christ has borne the heavy load.]

- 5 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
 Join to sing the pleasing theme ;
 All on earth and all in heaven,
 Join to praise Emanuel's name !

Hallelujah !

Glory to the bleeding Lamb !

HYMN 104.

The successful resolve.

- 1 COME, humble sinner, in whose breast,
 A thousand thoughts revolve,
 Come, with your guilt and fear oppress,
 And make this last resolve :
- 2 “ I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
 “ Hath like a mountain rose ;
 “ I know his courts, I'll enter in,
 “ Whatever may oppose.
- 3 “ Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
 “ And there my guilt confess ;
 “ I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
 “ Without his sov'reign grace.
- 4 “ I'll to the gracious King approach,
 “ Whose sceptre pardon gives ;
 “ Perhaps he may command my touch,
 “ And then the suppliant lives.

- 5 " Perhaps he will admit my plea,
 " Perhaps will hear my prayer ;
 " But if I perish, I will pray,
 " And perish only there.
- 6 " I can but perish, if I go
 " I am resolv'd to try ;
 " For if I stay away, I know
 " I must forever die."

HYMN 105.

A prayer for the heathen.

[This and the following hymn were composed by Mr. Hough while on his passage to India, and were lately received by the compiler.]

- 1 O ! WHEN shall Zion rise,
 And all her foes retire,
 All nations lift their eyes,
 And after truth aspire !
 Let India's realm
 Thy gospel hear,
 Thy truth revere,
 And bless thy name.
- 2 When will the idol gods
 At Jesus' presence move,
 And cruelty's abodes
 O'erflow with pard'ning love ?
 Let India's realm, &c.
- 3 When shall the angel fly,
 His holy course foretold,
 In view of every eye
 The gospel wide unfold ?
 Let India's realm, &c.
- 4 Lord, let it not be long,
 Ere comes the happy day,
 When every voice and tongue
 Shall chant some hallow'd lay.

Let India's realm
Thy gospel hear,
Thy truth revere,
And bless thy name.

HYMN 106.

The disciples waking Christ from sleep.

- 1 THE vessel rides before the storm,
And ploughs the foaming deep ;
The weak disciples in alarm,
Behold their Lord asleep.
 - 2 The Lord, who walks upon the wind,
And traverses the wave,
To sweet composure is resign'd,
But yet has power to save.
 - 3 His fearful children to him fly,
Surcharg'd with wild despair ;
And in distress they loudly cry,
For us hast thou no care ?
 - 4 He rises then in godlike form,
Rebukes their unbelief ;
He speaks, and stills the threat'ning storm,
And gives their hearts relief.
-

HYMN 107.

It is finished.

- 1 'TIS finish'd ! so the Saviour cry'd,
And meekly bow'd his head, and died ;
'Tis finish'd...yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won.
- 2 'Tis finish'd... all that heaven decreed,
And all the ancient prophets said,
Is now fulfill'd, as was design'd,
In me, the Saviour of mankind.

- 3 'Tis finish'd...Aaron now no more
Must stain his robes with purple gore ;
The sacred-veil is rent in twain,
And Jewish rites no more remain.
- 4 'Tis finish'd...this my dying groan
Shall sins of every kind atone :
Millions shall be redeem'd from death,
By this, my last expiring breath.
- 5 'Tis finish'd...heaven is reconcil'd,
And all the powers of darkness spoil'd ;
Peace, love and happiness again
Return and dwell with sinful men.
- 6 'Tis finish'd...let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round ;
'Tis finish'd...let the echo fly
Through heaven and hell, thro' earth and sky.

HYMN 108.

Parting hymn.

- 1 JESUS, grant us all a blessing,
Send it down, Lord, from above ;
May we all go home a praising,
And rejoicing in thy love.
*Farewell, brethren, farewell, sisters,
Till we all shall meet again.*
- 2 Jesus, pardon all our follies,
Since together we have been ;
Make us humble, make us holy,
Cleanse us all from every sin.
Farewell, brethren, &c.
- 3 May thy blessing, Lord, go with us,
To each one's respective home ;
And the presence of our Jesus,
Rest upon us every one.
Farewell, brethren, &c.

HYMN 109.

Parting hymn.

- 1 LORD ! when together here we meet,
And taste thy heav'nly grace,
Thy smiles are so divinely sweet,
We're loath to leave the place.
- 2 Yet, Father, since it is thy will,
That we must part again,
O let thy gracious presence still
With every one remain.
- 3 Thus let us all in Christ be one,
Bound with the cords of love,
Till we around thy glorious throne,
Shall joyous meet above :
- 4 Where sin and sorrow from each heart,
Shall then forever fly,
And not one thought that we shall part
Once intercept our joy :
- 5 Where, void of all distracting pains,
Our spirits ne'er shall tire ;
But in seraphic, heav'nly strains,
Redeeming love admire.
- 6 And thus through all eternity,
Upon the heav'nly shore,
The great mysterious One in Three,
Jehovah, we'll adore.

HYMN 110.

Dismission.

- 1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace.
O refresh us, O refresh us,
Trav'ling through this wilderness.
 - 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound ;
May the fruits of thy salvation,
In our hearts and lives abound.
May thy presence, may thy presence,
With us evermore be found.
 - 3 So whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey.
May we ever, may we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.
-

INDEX.

	Page
AS Shepherds in Jewry were guarding their sheep	26
A debtor to mercy alone	27
A soldier, Lord, thou hast me made	32
Am I a soldier of the cross	33
As Jacob on his journey went	40
Arise, my dear love, my undefil'd dove	60
Attend, ye saints, and hear me tell	81
All those who seek a throne of grace	95
BEGONE, unbelief	22
Brethren, while we sojourn here	39
Beside the gospel pool	31
COME ye, who love the Lord indeed	16
Come, thou Fount of every blessing	34
Come, let us anew	36
Come, and taste along with me	37
Come, all ye Christian pilgrims	43
Come, brethren and sisters, that love my dear Lord	64
Christians, if your hearts be warm	69
Come, friends and relations, let's join heart and hand	71
Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched,	85
Come, thou long-expected Jesus,	86
Come, all ye weary travellers	87
Come, humble sinner, in whose breast	116
DEAR Saviour, we rejoice to hear	75
Don't you see my Jesus coming	13
Did Christ o'er sinners weep	97
Day of judgment, day of wonders	106
ETERNITY is just at hand	92
Encourag'd by thy word	45
FAREWELL, my dear brethren, the time is at hand	75
From whence does this union arise	70
Father, whate'er of earthly bliss	92
GREAT God, opprest with grief and fear	93
Guide me, O thou great Jehovah	103
HOW lost was my condition	35
How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord	38

	Page
How tedious and tasteless the hours	54
Hark ! hear the sound on earth is found	56
Hail, sov'reign love, that first began	58
Humble souls, who seek salvation	67
How can I sleep, when angels sing	72
Hark ! the voice of love and mercy	115
IN songs of sublime adoration and praise	34
In vain, while dark affliction spreads	95
I know that my Redeemer lives	103
JESUS, at thy command	51
Jesus ! and shall it ever be	57
Jesus, let thy pitying eye	65
Jesus, lover of my soul	76
Jesus, grant us all a blessing	119
KINDRED in Christ, for his dear sake	90
LET thy kingdom, blessed Saviour	18
Let us rise and go to Zion's hill,	79
Lift up your heads, Emanuel's friends	50
Lo ! he comes with clouds descending	108
Lord, when together here we meet	120
Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing	121
Lord, I cannot let thee go	102
MORTALS, awake, with angels join	89
NOW the Saviour stands a pleading	59
Now in the heat of youthful blood	81
Now begin the heavenly theme	114
O HOW happy are they	5
O when shall I see Jesus	6
O Jesus, my Saviour, to thee I submit	13
Our souls in love together knit	17
O what a glorious mystery—wonder, wonder, wonder	52
O thou in whose presence my soul takes delight	53
O'er the gloomy hills of darkness	77
Oh ! happy soul, how fast you go	78
O for a closer walk with God	83
O when shall Zion rise	117
PRECIOUS Bible ! what a treasure	27
Pilgrims with pleasure let us part	111
SEE the Lord of glory dying,	11
Sovereign grace has power alone	21

	Page
Shepherds, rejoice, lift up your eyes - - -	30
Salvation ! oh, the joyful sound - - -	78
Saviour, I do feel thy merit - - -	109
Saviour, visit thy plantation - - -	99
THE Son of Man they did betray - - -	8
Throughout our Saviour's life we trace - - -	10
The Lord into his garden comes - - -	24
The fields are all white, and the harvest is near -	29
Thou God of glorious majesty - - -	49
'Tis a point I long to know - - -	61
The great Redeemer we adore - - -	68
Thus was the great Redeemer plung'd - - -	69
The voice of free grace, cries, escape to the mountain	84
The day is past and gone - - -	88
To our Redeemer's glorious name - - -	91
'Tis my happiness below - - -	104
To-day if you will hear his voice - - -	105
This is the field, the world below - - -	109
The vessel rides before the storm - - -	118
'Tis finish'd ! so the Saviour cry'd - - -	<i>ib.</i>
UNCLEAN ! unclean ! and full of sin - - -	62
VAIN delusive world, adieu - - -	63
WE'VE found the Rock, the travellers cry'd - -	20
Wand'ring pilgrims, mourning Christians - -	42
What various hindrances we meet - - -	46
Wak'd by the gospel's powerful sound, - - -	47
When converts first begin to sing - - -	55
What poor despised company - - -	66
When Abram's servant to procure - - -	93
Within these doors assembled now - - -	97
Well met, dear friends, in Jesus name - - -	99
When any turn from Zion's way - - -	101
YOUNG people, all attention give - - -	14
Ye glittering toys of earth, adieu - - -	98
Ye sons of the main, ye that sail o'er the flood -	112
Young man, indulge thy passion - - -	118

Book
190

